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MY MOTHER BROKE DOWN AND CRIED. Page 19.

CAPTAIN JOHN CRANE

1800–1815

BY

THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "A CLOSE SHAVE," "THE TALKING HANDKERCHIEF," "THE LOST ARMY," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "THE BOY TRAVELLERS" (15 VOLUMES), "THE YOUNG NIMRODS" (2 VOLUMES), ETC., ETC.

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CAPTAIN JOHN CRANE.

CHAPTER I.

WHO AND WHAT I AM. — MY EARLY LIFE. — LEAVING HOME, AND WHY I LEFT IT.

I AM a modest, bashful sort of man, though I say it myself, and have been a sailor for a goodly number of years. Perhaps on board a ship I am not so bashful, and especially when in command of her. I don't feel altogether at home on shore, although I've given up the sea, and propose to spend the rest of my life on land. I was born on the 25th of November, 1783, the day of the evacuation of the city of New York by the British, at the end of the Revolutionary War.

It is proper to say that my arrival into the United States (and the world) on that day attracted much less attention throughout the country than did the departure of our enemies, but there's nothing surprising in that. I suppose you might have found, a few years ago, a good many people throughout

these United States who were born on the same day as George Washington; but they haven't attracted any attention, while he has filled the eyes of the world. At any rate, he filled the stomachs of the British with all the fighting they wanted when they came here to subjugate the colonies.

My name is John Crane, or, rather, Captain Crane, at your service. I am, or rather was, a sea-captain, and for a pretty fair time too. People keep on calling me "Captain," although I've given up sea life and settled down on shore. But that's the way of things generally; which, after all, isn't so bad. If a man has done something and won a handle to his name, I think it is fair to let him keep it, and so I never correct folks when they call me Captain Crane. But when I sign a paper of any sort, no matter whether it's a letter to anybody or a legal document, I always write "John Crane," and nothing more. I never stick Captain on in front of it, as some do that I know.

Since I settled down on land I've told a good many of my experiences to neighbors and friends, and they've urged me to write a book. I've hesitated a good while about it, — there's where my bashfulness comes in, — but, after all, I don't see why I shouldn't do as others have done. There's many a book on sea life by men who have never been on

blue water a tenth part as much as I've been there.

I can't spell very well, that was always a weak point with me; but I'll leave it to the printer to correct my spelling, and also my grammar, if I slip up in it. I never had a chance for much schooling; I had a little of the three R's, Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic, but precious little it was.

I was born among the hills of New Hampshire, in the township of Pembroke, about fifty miles from Portsmouth, a seaport of that State, and sixty or seventy miles from Boston.

As my birth occurred on what we may consider the last day of the War for Independence, I can't be supposed to remember anything about it of my own knowledge, but my earliest recollections are very much concerned with it. It was the great topic of conversation among the people in the region where I lived. My father, and nearly every other man in the neighborhood, had fought in the Continental Army, and they were very fond of "fighting their battles o'er again" in front of their firesides. My father was a soldier from the beginning of the war until 1777, when he was badly wounded and came home. It was late in 1778 when he recovered, but he wasn't able to go back to the army again. So he married, and you'll know about his family farther on.

My early life was one of hardship. My parents had a small farm which we cultivated, — father and mother, and three brothers of us, — with our own hands. In fact, we could not well do otherwise, as we were too poor to hire any help. When he was twenty-one years old, James, my eldest brother, left home, went to a neighboring town, where he hired out with a farmer, and in less than a year was married to the farmer's daughter. Luckily for him, his wife's father had a good-sized farm, and she was an only child. So it happened that the newly married pair settled down on the farm to take care of the old folks; and in due time, when they were gathered to their fathers, my brother and his wife fell into possession of the farm and the property connected with it.

My second brother followed the example of the first, except that he did not marry a farm along with his girl. I was seventeen years old at the time he became engaged. Months, yes, I may say years, before this event, I had thought and dreamed about going to sea. Neither of my brothers cared for it, but I believe I was a born sailor if there ever was one. I longed to look upon the ocean and sail upon it, and felt that I would gladly pass the whole of my life on the waters. I read all that I could find about it; but I'm sorry to say that books were scarce in our neighborhood, and opportunities for reading were very small. I was

greatly impressed by various passages in the Bible referring to the sea, especially the one in the Psalms which reads, —

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep."

So, when the family was talking about my second brother's future prospects, I suggested that it was time for me to be doing something, and if father and mother consented, I would go to sea. There was some objection at first; but finally it was agreed and settled upon that my second brother should bring his bride to the house, and the twain would live there and care for the old folks, just as my elder brother and his wife were caring for her parents, while I would go to sea.

Then the question arose, "Should I go from Portsmouth or from Boston?" It was finally decided that as Boston was the larger place, and had a greater amount of shipping than Portsmouth, I had better go to Boston, and sail from there.

It was along in winter when this decision was reached. My departure was deferred until spring, not that there was very much for me to do at home in that season of the year, but because the traveling would be very bad when the roads were covered with snow and the weather cold.

As the time approached for me to leave home I began to feel reluctant at going away. One day I was talking with David Taylor, one of my friends and schoolmates, at least he was my schoolmate for eight or ten weeks every year, and about my own age.

When I told him I was going to sea he jumped at the idea, and said he would like to go too; like myself, he had thought and dreamed about the ocean, and nothing would suit him better than sailing over it. He said he would speak to his father that very evening, and try and get his consent. The Taylor family was situated very much like mine, and I thought it quite likely that David would have no difficulty in obtaining the paternal permission.

The next morning, when we met at school, David shook his head, and said, —

"I'm afraid I can't go with you, John. I spoke to father last night, and what do you think he said?"

"From the way you talk, David," said I, "I suppose he wouldn't listen to your going to sea."

"Yes, that's it exactly. He said I had better stay at home, and if there wasn't room for me on the farm I could hire out among the neighbors. 'There's Major M'Clary,' said he, 'who has a big farm, and hires half a dozen hands most of the time, and a dozen of them in haying-time. You can hire out with him, I know.

I fought under him at Bunker Hill, and I know he'd be willing to help along a son of mine.' "

"Well," I answered, "what did you say to that?"

"I told him I didn't want to hire out as a farm hand, and possibly be a hired man all my life. I'd rather go away and try to do something in the world, and I believed there was a chance for me if I'd only try it.

"We didn't have a very long talk about it," continued David; "but at the end of what we had to say father remarked that he would think it over, and perhaps would see Mr. Crane and talk with him about it."

"That's all right, David," I said, "that's all right. If Mr. Taylor has consented to think it over and talk with my father, I'm pretty sure that you'll go with me in the spring. I haven't seen much of the world, and don't know many folks in it; but when a man is willing to consider a thing, and talk about it with somebody else who has already considered it, it shows that he's a reasonable being, and I feel sure my father will make Mr. Taylor understand that it will be better for you to go out into the world than stay here at home. There are already too many mouths to feed in your family, and you'll have to go away from home very soon, anyway."

Then I told David some of the things I had read

about the sea and a sailor's life. I told him particularly of the prize money that was obtained whenever a ship-of-war captured an enemy's vessel. Then I spoke of the wages that sailors obtained, especially after they got to be mates and captains; in fact, I dwelt a good deal more on the captain's wages than I did on those of the mariner before the mast. I had already said the same things to my father and mother, and that was one of the reasons why they consented to my going to sea. My mother, bless her loving heart! believed that her son would come home a captain before the end of the year.

Ambitious as I was, I could not take her rosy view of the case, but I did not undeceive her. My father was less sanguine; but of course he was proud of his son, and believed I would succeed. A mother's love and hopes are always far greater than a father's, but in saying this I do not mean to cast any aspersion upon the head of our family. He was affectionate to us all; and though he was severe at times, he was always kind and just.

Well, it was not long before Mr. Taylor and his wife came to our house and spent an evening. I was sent on a visit at Mr. Taylor's in order to have me out of the way during the conference, and my brother Charles went to call on the girl to whom he was engaged.

The evening was an anxious one for both David and myself, and the time passed slowly. We tried to lay plans and talk of our future, but it was very difficult to do this when we did not know whether David would be permitted to accompany me or not. I went home at half-past eight o'clock, the time agreed upon, and met David's father and mother about half-way between our two houses.

I stopped and talked with them a moment, said that I had had a pleasant visit at their house, and they in return said they had passed an agreeable evening at my home. I hoped they would tell me what decision had been reached, but they said not a word on the subject that was uppermost in my heart. I had half a mind to ask them, but concluded that it would be impertinent for me to do so. So I bade them good-night, and proceeded on my way.

When I reached home my mother had gone to bed, and my father was just going. With some hesitation I asked if it had been determined whether David would go to sea or not.

"No," was the reply, "it hasn't yet been decided positively, as Mr. Taylor said he must sleep on it. He would never decide anything of such importance without sleeping on it at least one night."

"Do you think he will consent?" I asked.

"I hardly know what to say on that point," replied

my father; "but I think he will say yes when the time comes to decide. He is just as sorry to have David go away from home as we are to have you go; but he realizes that his farm is small, like ours, there are several mouths to feed, and times are very hard. I think you may take it for granted that David will go to sea with you, but don't be too certain about it."

With that my father bade me good-night, and I went away to my bed in the garret. We boys slept up under the roof, for the reason that there was no other convenient place for us to sleep in. The roof was so low that we had to stoop, except directly under the ridge-pole, in order to avoid hitting our heads. The place was hot in summer, but cool enough in winter, as there were plenty of cracks to let in the air and cold. In the place where I lay the roof was not more than two feet above me; and many a night, when rain was falling, I have been lulled to sleep by the pattering of the drops on the roof.

I did not see David the next day, as for some reason or other he did not come to school. The second morning afterwards he was there bright and early; and before he spoke I could see by the luster of his eye, and the pleased expression on his face, that the decision had been reached, and was in favor of what he wanted to do. As he rushed toward me he said,—

"What do you suppose father told me this morning?"

"I don't suppose anything about it," said I; "I know that he gave his permission for you to go to sea with me."

"Yes, that's it exactly," he replied; "but how did you find it out?"

"A little bird from the sky told me," I answered evasively; "never mind how I found it out; I'll tell you sometime."

In the five or ten minutes that passed before the teacher arrived and school was called to order, we talked as rapidly as our tongues would permit. We had a great deal to say, and we said it quickly. It was the same at the noon recess, when we strolled off together and indulged in that boyish occupation of building castles in the air. In imagination we went to sea together, as boys do in the story books; we did our duty faithfully and zealously, and were rewarded by rapid promotion. In less than three years we were both captains of ships, and regretted that the United States did not possess a powerful navy, so that we might both reach the grade of commodore or admiral before we had attained the age of twenty-five. At least, that was David's view of the matter; but I suggested to him that I never read of an admiral under fifty or sixty years at least.

This cooled his ardor somewhat, but by no means discouraged him.

The winter wore on, and spring arrived in due time. Meanwhile, the traveling outfits for David and myself were prepared. In our township there were two or three women whose husbands were killed during the Revolution, and who supported themselves by making clothing for men and boys in cases where the garments could not be made by their wives or mothers. Usually my mother made the clothing for my father and the boys, and an economical method was pursued, a suit of clothes doing duty through the whole masculine part of the family.

Father would have a new suit of homespun, and when it became a little shabby it was made over for my brother James. After him it was made over for my second brother Charles, and after Charles for myself. Being the youngest, I was permitted to wear the suit out, and it was a pretty bad looking lot of garments by the time I was through with it. Sometimes I had a suit that had been made for Charles, but never do I remember having a brand new one.

As I was going away from home it was deemed important that I should have a specially good suit. Consequently, Mrs. Green was called in to construct it, and I was very proud of the garments when they were finished. It was the best suit of clothes I had

ever possessed, and I wore them to church every Sunday after their completion until my departure. Extra stockings and an extra shirt completed my wardrobe; and these, with the new suit of clothes, made a fairly good bundle, which I was to carry on my shoulder. The last suit which brother Charles had discarded was made over for me to wear on my journey, so that when I was ready to leave home I presented quite a respectable appearance.

When the time came for us to start it was a great pain for me to say good-by to parents and brothers. I was anxious enough to go, and my young head and heart were full of ambition and of high hopes for the future. But at the same time I realized that I might be going away never to return; and, though none of us said so, I'm sure that the same thought was in every mind.

My mother broke down and cried when I kissed her farewell; my father made a great effort to preserve his composure, but I could see the tears standing in his eyes as he shook my hand and gave me his blessing with a choked voice. I learned afterward that when I stepped out of the door he yielded to his sorrow, as my mother had already done, and sank speechless and almost fainting into a chair. It was practically the same at David's house; yes, there was more grief there than at my own home, as David had

two sisters, while I had none. The girls were very fond of their brother, and when the time came for him to bid them good-by they were so heart-broken that they were unable to speak.

I am not ashamed to say that I cried, and bitterly too, when I left my father's house. I said so to David before the day was out, and he frankly acknowledged that he had cried too when he left home.

Mr. Taylor's house was nearer to Boston than was my father's; and so it was agreed that David would watch for me on the morning when we were to start, and come out and join me as I passed. You may wonder why I did not go into the house to say good-by to the Taylor family. The fact is, I foresaw that I might not be wanted there at that moment, and so I called at David's house the evening before, partly to arrange our plans, but more especially to say good-by to the Taylors. You already understand that I was much attached to David, and I will add that I was especially fond of his eldest sister, who was a year younger than himself. To say good-by to her was no small effort for me, and I felt that it would be better for us to make our adieus in the evening, rather than in the morning, when the whole household would be plunged in grief at David's departure.

CHAPTER II.

WALKING TO BOSTON. — SUSPECTED TO BE RUNAWAYS. — FIND A SHIP AND SIGN ARTICLES.

WE had a good sixty miles to walk, yes, sixty-five of them, from our homes to Boston. There was a stage coach which ran daily each way, but it was five miles from our house to the nearest point of the turnpike road, on which the stage traveled. We were too poor to afford such a magnificent conveyance, and therefore had arranged to walk the entire distance. In addition to our bundles or packs which I had already described, David having an outfit exactly like mine, we had provisions enough, as we hoped, to last until we reached Boston, and a cash capital of a little over five dollars each. We were strong lads, and capable of a great deal of exertion, and we figured out that we would walk the distance in two days, begging the privilege of sleeping in a barn during the intervening night. I left home immediately after breakfast, which was served an hour earlier than usual, in order to give me a good start. It was the same at David's house, and it was not yet seven o'clock before we were on the road.

We got along all right for ten or twelve miles, meeting perhaps a dozen people in wagons or on foot, and just stopping long enough to "pass the time of day." Our first adventure was with a man in a wagon and accompanied by a boy of about our age. The man spoke to us rather gruffly, asked who we were, and where we were going.

We told him our names and our fathers' names, where we lived, and the rest that the reader knows.

"I don't think you're telling the truth," said the man.

"We have told you the exact truth," I answered, "and my friend David will say the same thing."

"Of course he would do so," was the answer, "but that won't make it true. I believe you're a pair of runaway apprentices, and I'm going to arrest you!"

"We are nothing of the sort," I answered, "we have never been apprenticed to anybody, and we're not running away."

"We'll see about that," was his reply, "get into the hind part of my wagon, and come back to the village."

David and I exchanged glances momentarily, and each shook his head. David said, in a low whisper, "We won't go. It will lose us too much time."

Thereupon I spoke up and answered, "We don't

want to ride in your wagon back to the village or anywhere else, and we won't do it. We will keep on our road, and if you choose to bring the sheriff to arrest us you may do so. We warn you beforehand, that we shall demand that our expenses shall be paid if you find out that we have told the truth."

"Get into the wagon, I say. Do as I tell you!"

David was about to speak up, when I shook my head and warned him to be silent. I briefly replied, "Good-day, sir," David doing the same, and we proceeded on our journey.

The man called after us two or three times. In fact, he got down from his wagon, throwing the reins into the hands of the boy that accompanied him. We quickened our pace, and I suppose he realized that he would have a very difficult task to coerce two able-bodied youths of seventeen into entering his wagon against their wills. At all events, he did not follow us, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw him remount his wagon-seat and proceed on his way.

Perhaps I ought to explain that it was the custom of that time to apprentice, or bind out, boys to learn trades. According to law and practice, a boy was bound to serve his master for seven years, in return for learning the trade and being fed and clothed

during the time of his apprenticeship. Sometimes the apprentice received wages for his services during the last year, or the last two or three years, of his time; and sometimes a premium was paid by the apprentice or on his behalf. A good deal depended on the character of the trade in which he was engaged, and also upon the excess or scarcity of boys wishing to learn trades.

The man who stopped us was fairly justified in suspecting that we were runaway apprentices, as it was in no ways unusual for boys who had been bound out and thought that they were badly treated, to run away from their masters. Usually they went in pairs, and they also directed their steps to the nearest important seaport, for the double reason that they could more easily avoid recapture, and at the same time find employment of some sort. The great majority of the boys of that time had, like David and myself, a longing for the sea, and it was quite natural for any one meeting us on the road to conclude that we were what the man supposed us to be when he endeavored to stop us.

We kept steadily on our way and met with no further trouble. When we judged, by the position of the sun and also by the distance we had traveled that it was past the hour of noon, we sat down by the bank of a brook at the roadside, opened our

packs, and took out our dinner. We had ravenous appetites from our long walk, and the cold meat and bread which had been prepared for us was quickly eaten. We washed it down with water from the brook, and after resting for perhaps half an hour, went on.

About sunset we reached a good-looking house on the right-hand side of the road, and perhaps a hundred yards away from it. Somewhat timidly we approached, going around to the side door, and not venturing to make our call at the front one. A stern-looking man came out, and before we spoke he eyed us with apparent suspicion. Evidently he was like the man on the road and took us for runaway apprentices; at all events his manner had very little welcome in it and I thought it best to explain at once who we were.

"We are the sons of Samuel Crane and William Taylor of Pembroke," I said. "We are on our way to Boston, with our fathers' consent, to go to sea, and we ask the privilege of sleeping in your barn to-night if you have no objection. If you want us to do any work to pay for our lodging, we are ready to do it, or we will pay in money if you insist."

The idea of paying for sleeping in a barn seemed to hit him on the funny side, as the sternness of his features relaxed, and a smile played about them. In reply to my statement and request he said, —

"Looks to me very much as though you youngsters were running away from your masters. Are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "we are telling you the exact truth. We have no papers about us to prove who we are, but we give you our words that we are not runaways at all, but just what we claim to be."

"Let me see what you have in that bundle," said the man. "I want to be sure you haven't taken anything that doesn't belong to you."

I felt a flush of anger as he made this suggestion, and was about to reply rather tartly to the intimation that we might have stolen something. But the consciousness of my innocence of any wrong-doing, and, furthermore, the knowledge that the contents of our packs would prove it, restrained me. I said not a word, but undid my bundle and spread the contents before his eyes.

He gave a rapid glance at the articles displayed, and said in a sort of undertone, "New clothes, new stockings, new shirt; nothing else; all right." Then addressing himself to us directly, he said, —

"Boys, I believe just what you've told me. No runaway apprentice carries a pack like that. You are welcome to sleep in my barn; no, you sha'n't do that, you shall sleep in the house! You're hungry, and will want some supper; come right in."

"Thank you, sir," I said; "our mothers put up something for us to eat, enough to last us to Boston, provided we are economical. So we can eat our supper out here under the trees, and will sleep wherever you tell us to."

"Oh, nonsense, boys, come into the house and eat supper here. Save your provisions for to-morrow, and then you can eat just as hearty a dinner as you want to on the road without fear of starvation."

We thanked him and accepted his invitation. We had a good supper, and after it sat and talked with the farmer perhaps for an hour or more, told him our plans, and all about ourselves and families. The farmer and his wife were very kind to us; they told us they had two children, a boy about our age, and a girl two or three years younger. Both of them were away on a visit to some relatives in a neighboring town, and I fancied that the farmer and his wife were rather glad of their absence, lest we might have aroused in their boy a desire to follow our example.

We found that we had walked a little more than half the entire distance from our homes to Boston; if we traveled at the same rate we would reach Boston at sunset of the next day. As we were leaving the house of our hospitable friend in the morning, after a good breakfast, for which and the supper and lodging he would take no compensation, he suggested to us that

we had better stop outside of Boston three or four miles, so as to enter the city in the morning.

"Your best way of going into Boston is through Charlestown," he said. "When you get about three miles this side of Boston look out for a red house on the left of the road, with a clump of trees around it, and ask if that is where Mr. Johnson lives. Tell him you spent the night with me, my name is Samuel Bickford, and I recommended you to him. He may have the same suspicion of you as I had, and you can satisfy him just as you satisfied me as to your character, and you can convince him that you passed the night at my house by describing the place and the folks in it."

We thanked him very kindly for his advice, and promised that if it ever came in our way we would certainly make a return for his hospitality. I little thought at that time that the opportunity would ever arrive, and certainly I did not, in my wildest dreams, imagine the way in which it would come about.

As I look back now to our reception at this house, I take great credit to David and myself that we made such a favorable impression on our host.

It was then about seventeen years since the close of the Revolutionary War, and during all this time the country had been overrun by idle fellows who served in the army, and after the disbandment of the troops

took to a wandering, and, in many cases, a dissolute, life. They tramped along the principal highways, and, in fact, over pretty nearly all the roads of New England. They begged their food and lodging, though more frequently they stole the lodging outright, as they slept in barns without troubling themselves to ask the privilege of doing so.

As the years rolled on their number decreased, but at the time of which I write they were quite numerous, and in winter filled the jails and poor-houses to overflowing. Like ourselves, they had an aversion to winter travel, but started out in the spring. You will remember that we left home in the spring, and consequently were beginning our journeys at the same time as these tramping idlers began theirs.

They pretended to be seeking work, but were careful never to find it. In summer they wanted a job at shoveling snow, and in winter professed to be haymakers. People living along the highways had suffered much from the beggary and depredation of this class of individuals, and consequently it is more the wonder that our host so readily accepted our story and gave us the hospitality of his house. It must have been that the frank and honest faces of David and myself served as our passports on that occasion.

We found Mr. Johnson's house without difficulty, were received at first in the same suspicious manner

as on the night before, and afterwards with the same open-handed hospitality. In the morning we walked rapidly into Boston, and, not knowing where to go, headed straight for the water-front and the ships that lay there.

As we crossed the bridge from Charlestown to Boston, our curiosity was roused at the sight of the vessels anchored in the harbor or lying at the piers. We had never before seen a ship; the largest floating craft of any kind that had ever greeted our eyes were the row-boats on the Merrimac River, and the cargo-boats that plied occasionally between the falls along that stream. Neither kind of craft was numerous, and all were the merest pigmies compared with the vessels we saw after we reached Boston.

As we stood looking at a ship at the head of one of the wharves, a man came up and spoke to us. He asked who we were, and where we had come from; to both of which questions we promptly replied. Then he said, —

"I suppose you've come to Boston to find a ship, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir." I answered; "that's what we've come for. Can you tell us of a ship that is going to sea right away?"

"Yes, I can," he answered; "this ship right here, the Washington, is going to sail just as soon as she can get a crew. How old are you?"

We told our ages, and added that we knew nothing about ships at all, but thought we could learn.

"Oh, you'll learn quick enough," he answered, "there's no fear of that. I'll go aboard with you, and see if the captain will take you along. Come ahead, boys, this way, come along."

He started in the direction of the ship, which was tied up to the wharf, and we followed. He led us up the gang-plank, and very quickly we found ourselves standing on the deck of what seemed to us a colossal craft.

"Stay here a minute," said our new-found friend, "while I find the captain;" and away he went in search of that individual.

Very soon he returned and took us aft to the captain's room. The captain questioned us very sharply, and he did not impress either of us favorably. After a good many questions he seemed satisfied, and said he would take us as green hands. Then he called the mate of the ship to accompany us to the shipping office, where we "signed articles," and then went with the mate to the ship again.

The man who had first accosted us disappeared when he introduced us to the captain, and we did not see him again until he came on board with a sailor who was considerably under the influence of liquor. The man proved to be a runner for the

ship, or rather for the shipping office that had undertaken to supply the Washington with a crew. Two likely lads like ourselves were prizes for him, but he did not consider it worth his while to say so.

The mate showed us where we were to sleep, and small as had been the garrets in which we slept at home, they were palatial compared with our new quarters. We were in the forward part of the vessel, and each of us had a narrow bunk that was built up against the sides. There was just room enough in each bunk to lie there comfortably; turning over was a matter of difficulty, and David said that the best way to turn over was to turn out and then get in the other way.

Then the mate went with us to a shop not far away, where we were rigged out with sailors' suits, which he said would be charged against us on the ship's books. "Anything you want," said he, "on the voyage, you will get out of the slop-chest, and be charged with it in the same way."

The clothing we had taken off was made into bundles, and then we started with the mate back to the ship again. On our journey from the ship to the shop we followed him; but on the return he kept us in front, and so near that he could grasp either of our collars at the same time. He had been quite good-natured and pleasant spoken, but now

that we had been shipped and were dressed as sailors, he was very gruff, and ordered, rather than requested us. When we got on board the ship he was all right again.

"I didn't understand it then, but did afterward. You see that, the moment we got into those new clothes, we were in possession of ship's property, and if we had run away there would have been a loss of the value of the goods. It was the mate's duty to see that we didn't run away, and he carried it out fully.

When we got on board we were set at work clearing up things about the ship. Her deck was covered with lumber, and, though her hold was nearly full of cargo, packages, barrels, and boxes continued to arrive at frequent intervals. As fast as they came they were lowered into the hold, and before sunset the space below was crowded to its full capacity, and the hatches were put on. In our work we had nothing to do with the cargo, but were put in charge of a good-natured sailor named Bill Haines, who was to show us how to perform our duties. We got along with him very well, but when night came we were heartily tired, and after a supper of stewed beef and potatoes, with dry biscuit, we went to our bunks and slept soundly. No, I can't say that we slept soundly, but we would

have done so had we not been disturbed repeatedly during the night by the arrival of other members of the crew, the majority of them in a condition of greater or less intoxication.

Then, too, the place was badly ventilated, and the air was very foul. I compared it with our garrets at home, with thin cracks that allowed the wind to blow in upon us, and the comparison was not at all in favor of the ship. I had a headache in the morning, and so had David; but a few whiffs of the air on deck made us all right again.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE FROM BOSTON. — OUT AT SEA. — WHAT HAPPENED TO ME. — MEETING A STRANGER.

In the morning the last of the crew came on board, or rather were brought there, as the most of them were so intoxicated that they were unable to walk. I told David I didn't want to go to sea with such men as that, and he agreed with me. He suggested that we had better go and speak to the captain before the ship got away from the dock, and ask him to let us go ashore and stay there.

Our conversation was overheard by Bill Haines, who laughed heartily at the proposal to see the captain and be let off from going to sea. When his laugh was ended, a serious look came over his face, and he said, —

"Now, my lads, you'll be making fools of yourselves. You've signed articles for the voyage, and the captain wouldn't dream of letting you off. Besides, those drunken fellows that you've just seen hauled on board will be all right by to-morrow. They've been having a bit of a spree, and that's all there is

about it. When the rum gets out of them they'll be good enough sailors, you may be sure."

"But I don't want to go to sea with them," I said. "They'll be getting this way every day; and I don't care to live among such men."

"You're a green 'un, and no mistake," said Haines. "They won't be getting this way at all while they're at sea; the captain wouldn't let 'em. They can't get a drop of grog except when it's served out, and there isn't enough of it served at one time for a man to get drunk on. You're all right, lads; wait and see how it comes out."

Just then we were joined by another sailor, Joe Herne, with whom we had already made some acquaintance. Joe and Bill were great friends, and both David and I took a liking to the two men. They were bluff, hearty, good-natured fellows, who had fought on a ship-of-war during the Revolution, and since the declaration of peace had sailed in the merchant marine. They could read and write, but their education did not go much farther than that. Of the two I fancied Haines rather than Herne; David took to Herne more than to Haines, and in this way each of us found a friend from the very first day of our voyage.

With so many of the crew intoxicated to a degree of helplessness, the ship was decidedly short-handed;

and when the pilot came on board he brought with him six or eight men, who were to help work the ship into the lower bay. Several boxes and barrels were brought down to the dock at the last moment and rolled on board; and the last thing that was brought was a bag of letters, which I carried to the captain's room. Then the lines were cast off, and the ship was slowly hauled into the water, beyond the wharf where we had been tied up. It was just the top of the tide when we left the wharf, and as we reached the middle of the stream the ebb set in. I didn't know then what was meant by ebb and flood; I had read about them in some of the books, but the definitions were not clear to me. I spoke to Haines on the subject, and he explained the terms to me; you may be sure that I thanked him very earnestly for the information.

With the falling tide we drifted down the harbor and into the lower bay, a slight wind from the northwest favoring our movements. We went slowly, and it was pretty late in the afternoon before we reached the point where the pilot had decided upon anchoring for the night. We dropped anchor; and then a boat came alongside to take away the men who had come on board with the pilot to assist in working the Washington to where she lay.

It was much quieter that night on board the ship than on the previous one; the intoxicated men were

proving the truth of Haine's prediction, as the next morning saw them all sobered up, though some were in a condition which Herne described as "very shaky." All were able to work, however, and were set about their duties, supervised by the first and second mates, so that there was no danger of the rust accumulating in their joints.

Some of the sailors had brought their chests with them; others had come with bundles of varied size; and others had nothing except the clothing in which they stood. To these last, the mate served out shirts, trousers, and jackets, from the slop-chest, and the garments thus obtained were charged to the account of the man who received them. You may be sure that the prices were high enough, as it was not the intention of the owners of the ship to lose money in any transactions with the crew. I suspected as much at the time; since I became mate and captain I have learned all about it.

It was a dead calm all through the forenoon, and the pilot went anxiously about the ship, hoping, whistling, praying, and swearing, for a wind. He obtained what he wanted after a time, but whether his prayers or his oaths brought it, "deponent sayeth not."

The wind came from the westward, and was favorable to our getting to sea. When the first puffs of

the breeze ruffled the water, the anchor was lifted, and the sails were unfurled. Slowly the ship started from where she had been lying, and as the breeze increased her sails filled out, and in less than half an hour from the time the anchor left the muddy bed where it had rested for the night, we were going ahead at a fairly good speed.

Just outside of Cape Cod the ship backed her sails and hove-to long enough to let the pilot and his men descend into a boat that came alongside. I confess to a momentary longing to jump into the boat and go ashore with them. My sea life thus far had not been what my fancy painted it, and I feared that the reality, as time went on, would be altogether unlike what I had seen in my dreams. I think, too, that David had the same thought in his mind; but both of us had the good sense to keep our thoughts to ourselves and make no attempt to go ashore. I remembered what Haines had told me the day before, and did not make any exposition of my ignorance of marine ways.

When the pilot had been dropped we squared away, and were speedily plowing again through the water. When David and I signed articles we did not know where we were bound; we were going to sea, that was all. It did not occur to me to ask about our destination until we had left the dock and were di-

recting our course towards the lower bay. Haines told me that we were bound on a voyage up the Mediterranean; we should go first to Gibraltar, from Gibraltar to Barcelona, and thence perhaps to Marseilles. As he phrased it, we were going to "Gibraltar and a market;" that is, Gibraltar was our first destination, and then we would go wherever our cargo could be sold and a return one bought to the best advantage.

The wind freshened, and gradually went around into the south-east. The sea was smooth enough at the time we dropped the pilot, but very soon it became rough, and I found the motion too much for me. The fact is, I was having an attack of sea-sickness, and David was undergoing the same experience. Haines noticed our condition, and kindly suggested to the mate that the youngsters had better be sent below. The mate took a good look at us, smiled for an instant, and then said,—

"Bear a hand there, kids, and go below; you'll appear best alone. Go below, both of you."

I would have preferred to remain on deck, but the orders were imperative, and besides I was rapidly getting into a condition in which I would be unable to stand. So we disappeared and lay down in our bunks. David pitched headforemost into his sleeping-place as the ship gave a lurch. Under ordinary circum-

stances I should have laughed at the sight, but at that moment I was in no laughing mood. The bunks in the forecastle, the low deck over our heads, and the swinging lantern were moving in a variety of directions. Everything whirled, including my head, and so rapidly that I thought it a good plan to stand still where I was, and, when my bunk came around, jump into it and be safe.

I jumped, but did so at the wrong time, and came down with a sprawl. My success was greater at the next effort, and I landed in the berth.

When I got myself stretched out I was as helpless as any of the drunken men had been the day before, and I wondered if it were not the case that they had been sea-sick in anticipation of going to sea, just as one loses his appetite at the expectation of something unpleasant.

As for appetite, I had absolutely none. I should have refused the finest viands from a king's kitchen, and even the very thought of eating seemed to add to my illness. Joe Herne came to see if we wanted anything, but there was nothing we cared for; and we made the same answer to Bill when he came in during the next watch to look after us. David whispered to me that he wished himself back at home, and I acknowledged to precisely the same desire. "It's a pity," said David, "that the man who thought

we were runaway apprentices did not arrest us, and supply us with masters who would keep us on land."

I would willingly have been apprenticed to a cobbler or a traveling tinker rather than be in the predicament where I then found myself.

But there's no cloud without a silver lining, and no night that is not followed by day. For about forty hours, it must have been fully that, we lay in our bunks without eating a morsel. By and by our appetites returned, and David said to our friend Bill that he thought he could eat a little gruel.

"Gruel, you greenhorn," said Haines, "you'll get no gruel here. What you'll get is scouse and dundy funk, and prog of that sort. Gruel ain't a forecastle dish, anyhow. D'yer think you could manage a bit o' salt horse?"

"Salt horse," said David, "no, I don't want to eat any kind of horse-meat, salt or fresh. Do we really have to eat horse on this ship?"

Haines laughed, and said,—

"No, my lad; you don't have to eat horse-meat, though the stuff they give us might just as well be out of a horse as from an ox. Salt horse is the name they give to the beef they salt down for sailors' use. It ain't the choicest kind of chicken cutlet in the world, by no means. Anything's good enough for a sailor, and they give us the meat of bulls and worked-

out oxen cut up and packed in brine and kept till it's as hard as a handspike. That's salt horse.

"We had scouse to-day for dinner," continued Haines, "and I'll go and see if I can't get you some. I told the cook that you two greenhorns might be getting alongside of your appetites, and if so you'd want something to eat."

Bill went away, leaving David and myself wondering what scouse could be. In a little while he returned with a dish of meat, stewed with potatoes and pieces of bread. Then we knew what scouse was. Later on in our voyage, when the potatoes gave out, we had it of stewed meat and bread only.

We ate some of the stew, and drank a pot of coffee which Bill brought along at the same time as the scouse. Then Bill left us and we settled down to sleep.

We slept better than at any time since we came on board, and felt much refreshed when we waked. We also felt hungry, which Joe Herne remarked was a very good sign, and went off to the cook's galley to see what he could get for us. He brought a good-sized piece of the so-called salt horse, and divided it between us. We ate this, along with some bread, and then concluded to get up.

"Stay where you are, my lads, stay where you are," said Joe in a fatherly sort of way; "if you go

on deck now you'll run the risk of being set to work, and you're not quite ready for it. To-morrow you'll be all right, and can do your share. Take it easy to-day, and keep quiet."

Very soon I realized the force of his advice, as I found on trying to stand up that I was decidedly weak. We spent the rest of that day and all of the night in our bunks, but the next morning we went out to breakfast when our watches were called, and did our share of eating. From that time forward we had our sea-legs on, as Bill Haines expressed it, and our appetites were like those of young tigers. Sea-sickness had no further terrors for either David or myself.

Perhaps I ought to explain that the crew of a ship is divided into "watches;" that is, they are separated into two lots, or divisions, one of them known as the larboard, and the other as the starboard watch. The larboard watch is on duty with the first mate, and the starboard with the second mate. I am speaking now of a good-sized craft. There's many a vessel that has no second or third officer, simply a captain and mate. The captain and mate stand watch and watch, and the crew is so small that when changes are made in the positions of the sails, or anything else out of the ordinary routine takes place, all hands are called. The day and night are divided into watches of four

hours each, except the period from four to eight o'clock in the afternoon, which is divided into two "dog-watches," of two hours each. The object of the dog-watch is to prevent the same men being always on duty at the same hours.

David was put into the larboard watch, while I was assigned to the starboard; Bill was in the watch with me, and Joe Herne was in David's. At first David and I were sorry that we had not been put together, but we very soon realized that it was an advantage for us to be separated. We could see quite enough of each other daily, especially in the dog-watches, and we were likely to learn more about the sea and its ways, separated as we were, than if we had been put together. Each of us had a staunch friend in his own watch, Haines in mine, as I before stated, and Herne in David's. They were our warm and sincere friends from the start, and, live as long as I may, I shall never forget them.

When we went on deck, after our recovery from sea-sickness, I looked around me and scanned the entire horizon. Nothing but water was in sight; no land, no sail, not even the tiniest island to break the monotony of the view. Sea and sky comprised everything in the range of our vision. Our footing was somewhat unsteady, as there was quite a sea on, which had been raised by the steady wind which was then about due south.

"We're at sea, sure enough," remarked David, "and what a pretty color the water is!"

"You've not seen the prettiest of it yet by a long shot," said Haines; "wait till we get into blue water, where it's a mile or two to the bottom."

"Isn't this blue water we're in now?" queried David.

"No," was the reply, "we're not off soundings yet, though we probably shall be before the day is over. When we get off soundings we'll be in what the sailors call blue water; on soundings we call it green water. Look at the waves where they're breaking, and in the wake behind us, and you'll see that the water has a greenish color. Later on we won't see so much of that; the green will disappear and blue will take its place."

We were much interested in this bit of information, and in many other things which were told to us by our friends. On the whole we had quite a good lesson in sea-life during the morning, as we were informed what our duties were in our watches on deck, and afterwards learned the meaning of a watch below.

While we were talking there was a cry from the mast-head of "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" called the mate, who was then in charge of the deck.

"Two points on the weather bow!" was the reply.

The captain was below at the time, and the mate sent word to him immediately. In three minutes he was on deck with his glass, but the stranger was too far away to be made out. We held our course for an hour or more, and by the end of that time the sail was clearly discernible from the deck.

The captain scanned her eagerly, and after a careful survey ordered a change of course, so that we should avoid meeting the stranger.

CHAPTER IV.

OVERHAULED BY A BRITISH WAR-SHIP. — SEARCH FOR DESERTERS. — THE CAPTAIN PLAYS A YANKEE TRICK.

On the courses which the two vessels had been running we would have crossed each other's track very nearly together, and it was evidently our captain's intention to avoid doing so: That the stranger wished to meet us was evident, as she changed her course to pursue us very soon after our helm was put over. Our captain remarked to the mate that he thought from her rig that the other ship was a man-of-war, probably British, but she displayed no colors, and even had her flag been flying we were too far off to make it out.

I asked Haines why it was that we were steering away from the stranger. "Even if she is a British man-of-war," I said, "why should we wish to avoid her? We are at peace with England, and have been since the Revolution, and she certainly wouldn't harm us now, anyhow."

"Don't be so sure of that, sonny," Haines replied; "she could and probably would harm us a good deal."

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THE OFFICER WALKED SLOWLY ALONG IN FRONT OF THEM. Page 53.

"I wish you'd explain to me how she could do so, as she certainly would have no right to capture us on the high seas now. We are on a peaceful voyage, and our respective countries are not at war."

"You don't seem to understand sea things very well yet," Haines answered. "You don't know how the British ships-of-war have been treating American merchantmen ever since the Revolution."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, they treat us very much as if we had no rights whatever," was the reply. "Great Britain claims that when a man is once a subject of that country he is always a subject, and if the government wants him for any purpose it has a right to take him wherever he can be found."

"Oh, I see," said I; "if there are any Englishmen on board the Washington, and a British man-of-war wants them, her captain has a right to take them."

"Yes, that's it exactly. It's what the English call the Right of Search. If we sailed on so that we should be in range of that British ship, supposing she is a British one and a man-of-war, and she happened to be short-handed in her crew, she would stop us and send a boat on board to search for British deserters. Any man in our crew who was suspected of being British would be liable to be carried away to serve on the king's ship.

"And the beggars are not at all particular about it, either," he continued; "they'll pick out men who were born in America, and perhaps have never been to sea before in all their lives, and say they recognize them as British deserters. They might pick out you and your mate David and carry you off in spite of all your protests. They've done it many a time, and as our captain doesn't want to lose any of his crew, he's trying to avoid that fellow by steering away.

"There are hundreds of Americans serving to-day in the king's ships," said Haines, "who were impressed and carried away without the least reason or excuse, except that the British captain who overhauled them wanted more men and was determined to have them.

"I'll tell you more about this matter some other time," said Haines, as he turned and walked away from me.

While the conversation was going on, and it was much longer than I have given it here, I had paid no attention to the other ship. As soon as Haines left me I looked over the rail and saw that our pursuer was coming nearer to us. She was a fast sailer, and besides she had the weather gauge of the Washington, and that was a considerable advantage.

She continued to gain, though we spread every sail and did our best to get away. When she was within

about two miles of us she fired a gun as a signal to us to heave to.

We paid no attention to her signal, but continued on our way with every inch of canvas spread that could draw.

A stern chase is a long chase; all day long we ran and they ran after us. It was pretty well along in the afternoon when the stranger fired her gun, and both ships were doing their best, the one to escape, and the other to overhaul.

It was a little before sunset when the British vessel, for she had hung out her colors and revealed her nationality, had reached a point within shooting distance. She fired another gun with a blank cartridge, to which we paid no attention, as before.

Then she fired a gun which had a shot in it, and the shot whistled past us, a little high in the air, but barely missing our sails. Our captain, who had been pacing the deck furiously, gave the order to heave to; he realized that his pursuer would endeavor to sink the Washington unless we complied with her very emphatic request to stop.

The stranger came up and hove to within little more than a hundred yards of us. Then she hailed us, saying, —

"What ship is that?"

Our captain answered that it was the Washington,

of and from Boston, and bound to Gibraltar and a market. Having given this answer he asked, —

"What ship is that?"

To this the stranger made no reply other than to say, "I'll send a boat on board!"

A boat containing an officer and four men came alongside the Washington, and the officer quickly ascended to the deck by means of the rope which had been lowered for him.

"What do you mean by running away from us?" was his first question as his feet touched the deck.

"I ran away because I didn't want to meet you," our captain replied; "that's all there is about it."

"Keep a civil tongue in your cheek," said the British officer, "or you'll be sorry you didn't."

"Perfectly civil," replied our captain; "you asked a plain question, and I answered it, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did," said the officer; "but be careful about the rest of your answers. Call all hands, and let me see your crew!"

I believe, from the appearance of our captain's face. that if he had not realized the consequence of such an act, he would have seized the nearest handspike and laid the Britisher flat on the deck. His color came and went, and it seemed to me that for fully a minute he stood perfectly still, and made no reply. At the end of a long pause he nodded to the mate, and said, "Call all hands."

The mate passed the order to Haines, who went to the forecastle gangway, and yelled down into the interior of the ship, "All hands ahoy!" The performance was a useless one, as everybody was on deck at the time, all having become excited over the presence of the British war-ship, and knowing perfectly well there was no way of escaping inspection.

I said everybody was on deck, but in that I was mistaken, though I did not notice it at the moment. One of our sailors had disappeared, but our captain seemed to be as ignorant of the fact as I was, as he told the officer the crew was all before him, and he could look them over.

The men were lined up against the weather rail, and the officer walked slowly along in front of them, scanning each face very closely. When he came to Haines, he asked his name and where he came from.

"My name's Bill Haines," was the answer, "and I come from Salem, in Massachusetts."

"Oh, Salem," said the officer, "Salem; were you born there?"

"Yes, sir; I was born in Salem, and if you've ever been there, and know anything about it, I'll tell you all the streets in the city."

"I've never been there, and don't want to go," the officer replied; "you're a British deserter, and you come from Devonshire!"

"That's a lie!" said Bill; "I never saw Devonshire, or any other shire of England, in my life!"

"Be careful how you talk to a British officer! Be careful!"

"When a British officer, or any other man, tells me something about myself wot ain't true, I've a right to say so, haven't I?"

"You've a right to use a civil tongue, and you'll use it before I get through with you."

"I was born in Salem, and here's the papers to show I'm an American." With that Bill drew from a pocket inside his shirt his American protection papers, made out in regular form and shape, so that there was no denying his nationality. The officer took the papers in his hand, scanned them quickly, and then, dropping them on the deck, not condescending to return them to their owner, he proceeded to the next man.

He asked almost exactly the same questions that he had in Haines's case, and received practically the same replies, though they were less independent in their character. When he came to me, I answered his questions promptly, told where I was born, how old I was; in fact, informed him of all he wished to know. He seemed to hesitate over my case, as to whether he should take me along or not, but evidently concluded that there was not the least shadow

of a reason which he could allege for believing that I was of British birth, and, furthermore, my youth was such that it would have been almost ludicrous to claim me as a deserter.

David was standing next to me and of course his answers were almost indentical with mine. To make assurance doubly sure, the officer required David to step out of ear-shot of me, and answer certain questions which he asked about the distance between our houses, the number and names of the members of our families, and little matters of that sort. Then he sent David back to his place in the line and called me out to answer the same questions. The similarity of our replies satisfied him of the truth of our stories and we were not further molested.

It took him perhaps half an hour to get through with the examination of the crew. He found two men who admitted that they were of British birth, but had lived a good while in America and had protection papers, showing that they had been duly naturalized and were citizens of the United States. They denied emphatically that they had ever served in the British navy, but he paid no attention to their denials and ordered them down into his boat. He evidently wanted to take along our friend Joe Herne, and doubtless would have done so if Joe had not been armed with his protection papers in the same way that Haines was.

Then he called up one of his men from the boat and said he would search the ship to see if anybody had hidden away. Accompanied by the sailor he went through the forecastle, and afterwards through the quarters of the captain and mates. The captain appeared to be mollified somewhat during the search, and thankful that he was losing only two men. While the search was going on in the cabin he asked the officer to take a glass of rum.

It was rather derogatory to the British dignity for an officer of a king's ship to drink with an American merchant captain, and our skipper appeared to recognize the fact. Placing the bottle and a single glass on the table, he briefly said, "Help yourself," and then stepped respectfully aside.

The officer smacked his lips over the glass of rum, and then poured out a second one, the sailor whom he had brought on board standing respectfully behind him. Neither of them noticed that the captain had left the cabin and gone on deck, or if they did observe it they suspected nothing. The officer found the rum of excellent quality, and it did not take long for his brain to become considerably muddled. Meantime something he little dreamed of was going on outside the cabin.

A signal of recall had been hoisted on the British ship, from which we had drifted somewhat, so that

the distance was twice as great as when the officer came on board. Somehow our captain did not observe the signal of recall; neither did the mate nor anyone else.

I asked Haines what the signal was, and he replied in a low voice,

"Shut your mouth, you young idiot! Don't ask no questions; don't you see the old man's looking the other way?"

I turned my eyes in the direction of the captain, and found that his gaze was directed as far as possible from the British ship. He was doing nothing in particular, and I thought he might be looking out to see if any other ship was happening along from that quarter of the ocean.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed away in this manner, and then a gun was fired from the man-of-war.

The firing of the gun compelled our captain to look in the direction whence the sound came, and after looking a moment toward the other vessel, he proceeded slowly toward the cabin, where he had left the officer and the bottle of rum enjoying each other's society. He told the officer about the signal of the gun-fire, and the latter thanked him in a voice that was decidedly husky.

The condition of the sailor who accompanied the officer below showed that he had been treated to a

drink or two; the kindly nature of the officer had been awakened by the rum that he had imbibed, and he wished all around him to be happy. It's very easy to be generous with what belongs to somebody else. When the officer and his man came on deck, the former was very effusive in his thanks to our captain for his hospitality. Thereupon the captain asked that he would let the two alleged deserters come aboard the ship a moment to get their dunnage.

"Oh, certainly," said the officer, who was in a condition to consent to anything. He turned to the sailor and told him to order the men up.

The sailor obeyed his instructions, and in a moment the men were on deck and told to go below and get their dunnage. Then the officer went over the side and descended into his boat, followed by the sailor.

By this time night had begun to spread over the ocean, and the darkness was such that it half obscured the outline of the British ship. When the officer and sailor had reached the boat, our captain gave an order in a low voice to the mate to brace around the yards and square away. "And don't make any fuss about it, either," he added; "be as quiet as you can."

Every man went to his post, and almost in less time than it takes me to tell it, the yards were braced

around, the sails were filling, and the ship was hauling away from her disagreeable neighbor. The Britishers in the boat alongside discovered what we were about, and the officer yelled out, —

"What are you doing there? Heave-to, or I'll sink you!"

"Heave-to yourself, soon's you like!" replied our captain; and then, leaning over the side, he added, "you'd better cast off and go home to your mother!"

The language that his Majesty's officer used in reply I will not repeat. It was more forcible than elegant, and if oaths could have sunk the Washington she would soon have been at the bottom of the sea. After a few minutes' practice with his lungs in this way, the officer came to his senses and cast off. There was no danger that he would not reach his ship safely, as there was no heavy sea running, and she had several lights visible, in addition to the fact that the darkness was not yet such as to hide her from sight.

Of course our maneuver was discovered, but not until a few minutes after we made it. Those few minutes were precious, as they enabled us to increase materially the distance between the ships, and it lessened in the same degree the chances of being hit by the shots which they now sent after us. We paid no attention to the firing, but spread every stitch of

canvas to enable us to get away. In half an hour the other vessel was completely out of sight by reason of the darkness; and we argued that when we were unable to make her out she could not see us.

We took a course midway between the one on which we were sailing when we espied the stranger, and the one to which we changed; by that means we hoped to throw her quite off our track. Not a light was allowed anywhere, not even in the binnacle, the steering being done mainly by the stars. Three or four times during the night the captain darkened the ports, and made a small light in his cabin, to look at the compass which hung over the dinner-table and make sure that we were running on the proper course.

We looked around very anxiously in the morning, and were gratified to discover that our late acquaintance had disappeared somewhere beyond the horizon. She was out of sight, but not out of mind; in fact, she was the sole topic of conversation, and we all fell to wondering what she would do with us if she should overhaul us again.

"One thing her skipper would do," said Haines, "he'd keel-haul our captain for getting his officer drunk."

"Ay, that he would," said Herne, "and I don't envy the position of that officer when he got back to his ship, and had to acknowledge that he was the victim of a Yankee trick."

"Another thing he'd do," said one of the sailors, "he'd take off about two-thirds of the Washington's crew, and leave us so short-handed that we'd have a hard time getting to port."

"'Twas a lucky go," said another, "that them two fellers wot he picked out as deserters come back to get their dunnage."

"Yes, and they'd never come back if it hadn't been that the officer had lost his head with the captain's rum-bottle. They ought to take that rum-bottle and tie it all around with ribbons, and set it up as an idol to worship, just as the heathen do."

"Oh, nonsense, you can't expect good Americans to act like heathen! It would have been a clear case of impressment if those men had been taken on board the British ship, and the officer knew it just as well as the men knew it themselves."

Various other comments were made which I do not remember at this moment. After a while the conversation turned to Joe Waller, the man who disappeared at the time the crew was mustered. Nobody knew exactly what became of him, and every one was careful to make no surmise as to his probable nationality. It was pretty generally believed that he was British born, and had served on a king's ship. The captain probably had an inkling of the matter, and told Waller where he could hide.

There was a linen-locker opening out of the captain's cabin, and the top of it was finished so as to afford sufficient space for a small man to climb up there, and stow himself away against the deck. Nobody would ever think of looking there for a man, and it is just possible that the place was originally designed for purposes of concealment. 'Twas lucky for Joe that he was small, or he never could have got in there.

Waller came up as usual with his watch, and went on duty. Two or three of us asked him where he was when the British officer came aboard; at every question he assumed a wild appearance, and said he had been taken up in the air by the Flying Dutchman, carried to the North Pole, and then to the South Pole, and then back again to the Washington. The Dutchman held him by the scruff of the neck all the time, and he felt rather stiff and uncomfortable. The fact is, he was cramped so in the linen-locker that it's no wonder he didn't have the use of his joints for a day or so. After he had quizzed a few of us that way with his yarn about the Flying Dutchman, we quit talking with him on the subject. He was scared, and no mistake, and certainly he had good reason to be.

Haines suggested that he hoped my shipmate, Waller, was the only one on board to make any ac-

quaintance with the Flying Dutchman. I had seen mention of this individual in some of the books I had read, but no explanation as to who he was; so I asked Haines about him.

"Does he have wings to fly with?" I inquired, "or does he float about the sky on a machine of some sort? Perhaps he isn't a man, but just the ghost of one."

CHAPTER V.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND HIS HISTORY. — MEETING A SHIP WITH A STARVING CREW. — RELIEF AND SAILING IN COMPANY.

"As to the Flying Dutchman," said Haines, "there's a good many stories about him, and I don't know which is the true one. The one that's oftenest told about him is that a Dutch captain, who wasn't a Christian or anything else that's respectable, tried to get around Cape Horn with a heavy gale blowing right in his teeth. He swore by all the bad words he knew that he would do it; and as the gale grew worse and his crew was frightened, he laughed at them as he drank his beer and smoked his pipe. They got up a mutiny, and tried to make him run into port somewhere; and he threw overboard every man who had joined in it.

"They do say," said Haines, almost in a whisper, "that the Holy Ghost came down on the ship, and this Dutchman fired at it with his pistol! Of course he didn't hurt the Holy Ghost at all; but the bullet went through his own hand, and paralyzed his arm. He

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THE SIGHT THAT MET HIS EYES WAS A TERRIBLE ONE. Page 70.

cursed God, and was then condemned to navigate the seas forever, without putting into port, having nothing but gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat, and to be standing watch all the time."

"That's pretty tough, seems to me," I remarked. "Did he really have to do it all?"

"They do say," continued Haines, "that he's been doing it ever since, and that's more'n two hundred years ago. It's a misfortune to see his ship, — an awful misfortune! They say it's worse than to see the Devil to meet the Phantom Ship that the Flying Dutchman sails on. It always wants to speak to any vessel that comes within hailing distance, and always wants to send letters by her; but every ship that takes letters from her is sure to be lost."

"Well, then, if I was captain of a ship," said I, "and met the Flying Dutchman, I wouldn't take any of his letters for him."

"No more would I," said Haines; "but, what's more, when you see the Phantom Ship, even though you don't speak her or take letters from her, you are liable to have white squalls and hurricanes, waterspouts and tornadoes. He has a crew that are just as bad scoundrels as himself. They are thieves, cowards, murderers, and all such sort of fellows; and they have to do just as he does, stay on watch all the time, and eat and drink stuff that a Christian wouldn't and couldn't touch."

"Did you ever see the Flying Dutchman's ship?" I asked.

"N-o," said Haines, drawling out the word; "I've never seen the Phantom Ship myself, but I've a good many friends what has seen it. You're not likely to see him round these here latitudes; it's always away off somewhere, generally down by the Cape of Good Hope, and between that and Cape Horn. The Phantom Ship is always sailing with a fair wind and everything spread, and she looks like the great big ghost that she is. 'Tisn't such a very large ship, the kind of craft the Dutchmen used to have two or three hundred years ago; and the men that navigate her seem to know their business.

"There's another phantom ship a good deal older and bigger than the Flying Dutchman; so big is she that the ship I've been telling you about wouldn't make a yawl for her. The French sailors call her the Lightning Chaser; and she's so big that it takes her a year to make a tack. Once, when she was bound north, she got stuck in the Straits of Dover; but her captain smeared the port side of the ship with soap, and she crept through; but the soap scraped off against the British cliffs, and that's what makes 'em so white. When she got into the Baltic, the sea was too narrow, and they had to lighten her. The ballast that she threw over made the island of"—

A cry of "Sail ho!" from the mast-head attracted the attention of everybody, and made a sudden end to the story of the Flying Dutchman.

I forgot to say that when we found in the morning that the man-of-war was quite out of sight we changed our course back to the proper one; that is, the one on which we were running when we sighted that unwelcome stranger. The new sail was reported dead ahead: there was a bare possibility that it might be the one whose acquaintance we made the day before, and I heard the captain say to the mate that we'd better change our course and avoid her; but no orders were given to do so. The captain and mate went out of earshot of the men, and so I can't tell what they talked about. They kept looking every little while, or rather the captain did, at the sail which we were steadily nearing. It was evident that she was not running in the same direction that we were, or we would not have overhauled her so rapidly.

We had the weather-gauge of her, though, just as the Britisher had the weather-gauge of us the day before. Consequently, if we did not like her looks on getting nearer, it was quite easy for us to get out of her way. It was my watch on deck at the time, and when I could do so I took a squint at the ship, and wondered why the captain did not turn away and leave her to herself.

On and on we went; and after a time Haines said to me,—

"I don't believe that's any man-of-war at all!"

"Why so?" I asked.

"Why, don't you see?" said he, "a man-of-war always looks a great deal more trim and neat than a merchantman: they've plenty of men on board to do all the work they want, and more too; and sometimes the officers sits up nights to study up things to keep the men busy. The captain has made out long ago that she ain't no man-of-war; for I can see it with my naked eye. Her sails are all hanging lopsided like, and I'll bet from the looks of her she's mighty short-handed in crew. Our captain's running to speak her; or, at all events, he's running near enough for it."

The wheel had been put over a point or two and the yards braced around, so that we were headed directly for the stranger. All the sailors on the Washington were studying her, and wondering what she could be, and she was guessed to be anything and everything that ever sailed the seas. One of the men even guessed that she was an Indiaman, bound home from round the Cape of Good Hope. I had seen pictures of Indiamen and she certainly wasn't anything of that kind. Then she was thought to be an English or French trader to the West Indies, and one of our men

thought she was a Spanish craft from some Spanish port to Mexico. The suggestion that she was an Indiaman was laughed at, as she was quite out of the course of vessels from the Cape of Good Hope for England, and at that time we had practically no ships sailing between American ports and the East Indies.

As we came nearer it was plain to perceive that there was something wrong on board the stranger, as she was steering very wildly, and not more than half her sails were pulling at all. She had a flag flying, and when we were near enough to her to make it out, we saw that it was the British cross of St. George, with the union down. Then we knew why our captain had steered so straight for her; he had seen through his glass the signal of distress and was going to her relief.

When we got near the ship two or three heads appeared above the rail. Ordinarily there would have been a dozen or more on a craft of that size, and we all wondered why so few were visible. The captain hailed the vessel, and a faint answer came from her, too faint to be made out. Then we lowered a boat, which was manned by Haines, Herne, and two others of the crew, and carried our first mate, to visit the ship.

On reaching the strange vessel there was no rope hanging over the side by which the mate could ascend

to the deck; so he went up by the forechains, which he managed to grasp by standing up in the boat. He ordered his men to stay where they were, and climbed into the ship with the quickness of a circus performer.

The sight that met his eyes was a terrible one. One man stood at the wheel, but he was so weak from lack of food and water that he was really unable to keep the ship on her course. Another man lay half dead near him, and a third in the same condition was stretched at the foot of the mainmast. As he went on board, the mate observed the name "Warwick" on the bows of the ship, and the name, together with the flag that was still flying, indicated her nationality to be English. He spoke to the man at the wheel and asked where the captain was.

"Captain's dead, sir; dead a week ago," the man answered, in a very feeble voice, scarcely more than a whisper. "First mate's in command, sir; in the captain's cabin; just able to creep on deck once in a while; he was up here when you hailed, but hadn't strength enough to answer. We're out of water and provisions, and have been holding on and holding on in hopes of help!"

The mate stopped to hear no more; he sprang to the side of the Warwick which was the nearest to the Washington, and yelled with all the force of his powerful lungs, —

"Water and provisions wanted, quick! Officers and crew dying of starvation!"

Instantly our captain gave the order for water and biscuit to be placed in the second mate's boat, and the boat lowered away at once. Other things were added in the shape of boiled beef, some bread made the day before, and a big pot of coffee which the cook had placed on the galley when he heard that the strange ship was flying a signal of distress. In a few minutes the boat was dancing on the waves, and at the same time the first mate's boat was returning to the Washington. It was not desirable to have both mates and eight of the crew away at once, and the movement was made in this way so as to gain time in taking relief to the unfortunate people on board the Warwick.

Before coming away from the Warwick our mate lowered ropes and the ship's ladder over her sides, so as to facilitate the movements of the second mate and the handling of the provisions. In addition to what I have mentioned there was a bottle of brandy among the supplies sent forward, and also two bottles of rum. Mr. Johnson, our second mate, acted with great celerity in relieving the wants of the sufferers. He gave each of them a small pannikin of coffee, with about a tablespoonful of rum in it, along with a piece of bread, which he told each man to eat very slowly, and take occasional sips of the mixture of coffee and rum.

"After a while," said he, "you can have some salt horse, but you're not ready for it now."

The man at the wheel and the three others on deck were first cared for, two of our sailors assisting the mate, while the other two remained in the boat at the ship's side. After attending to those on deck the mate went to the cabin, where he found the Warwick's first mate lying in his bunk, and hardly able to move. He gave him the same sort of food and drink that he had given to the men on deck, except that he put brandy in the coffee instead of rum, and then he proceeded to the forecastle, where he found four of the crew, one of them in a dying condition, and the other three but little better off. All these were relieved in the manner already described, with the exception of the one whom I have mentioned as in a dying condition; he was too feeble to speak, and the muscles of his throat were so swollen that he could not swallow anything. He died within an hour of the arrival of relief, and it was Mr. Johnson's opinion that if the Warwick had failed to obtain relief for another forty-eight hours she would have been quite without officers or crew.

Our captain said that he would lie by the Warwick for the entire day, and supply her with everything she needed that he could possibly spare.

After the men on board the unfortunate vessel had regained their strength somewhat, they told their story.

The Warwick had sailed from Rio Janeiro nearly a year before, her destination being London. She had been caught in the calms just south of the equator, and lay there without moving a mile for several weeks together. Then she got a breeze that carried her two or three degrees north; the breeze died away, and left her in the doldrums as before. For ten weeks she was held there as though she had been anchored, in the terrific heat that prevails at the equator. She had two passengers, an Englishman and his wife, on their way home from Brazil. Both of them sickened and died from the effects of the heat, the wife being the first to go. Three of the sailors, and also the second mate, became ill during this period; and though they survived the period of calms they never recovered, but died not long after. After a time a wind sprang up which carried the ship to the northward, out of the equatorial belt of calms and into the winds of the tropics.

Then followed a series of gales, some of them reaching the severity of hurricanes. The ship was damaged considerably by the gales, and on two or three occasions it was thought she would founder and carry with her to the bottom of the ocean every one on board. At starting the Warwick had taken provisions and water for six months, expecting long before the end of that period to be safely anchored in the Thames.

She was blown far out of her course, water and provisions ran short, the crew were put on half rations, and afterwards on quarter rations, and on the day we sighted her not one of her party had drunk or eaten anything for nearly twenty-four hours. Starvation, or what is nearly as bad, cannibalism, stared the unfortunate mariners in the face; and Mr. Johnson, our second mate, was no doubt within bounds when he said that not one of the party could have survived forty-eight hours longer.

Several deaths had already occurred from lack of food and drink; the captain died a week before the encounter of the ships, and the second mate died on the same day. All the men had succumbed except those I have mentioned, — the four that Mr. Johnson found on deck, four in the forecastle, and the first mate in the captain's cabin.

It was plain that the crew of the Warwick, exhausted as they were by famine and death, would be unable to navigate the ship safely to port. When we met them they were drifting much more than sailing; the weather had been very mild for the past fortnight, so the Warwick's mate told us, and it was due to this circumstance, he added, that they were alive.

"If a gale had come up," said he, "we couldn't have done anything to meet it. We couldn't have

stowed a sail or tautened a brace, and there isn't strength enough in all the crew together to put the ship's wheel hard over and hold it there. You'll have to take us into port, or else stay by us till we get strength enough to do it ourselves."

When Mr. Johnson came back and reported this our captain called his officers into the cabin and held a consultation. Exactly what was said I don't know; but when they came out on deck the captain gave orders for twenty barrels of beef, and a corresponding amount of other provisions, together with a good supply of water, to be put on board the Warwick. While this was going on, our mate went to the Warwick and had a talk with her mate; I suppose I ought to call him captain, as that is what he really was at the time. When he came back there was another conference, and then our second officer and six men were transferred to the other ship.

Soon after the transfer was made the men on the Warwick, I mean those that had been put aboard by the Washington, made sail as quickly as they could and steered away to the eastward. We did the same thing, and the two ships went along together, keeping from a few hundred yards up to two or three miles apart. The indications were that we were to sail in company, and an hour or two later I learned from Haines that my surmise was correct.

"The old man has planned it," Haines explained, "that we shall keep along, side by side, just as well as we can. The Warwick appears to be about as good a sailer as the Washington, and though we lose a little time in keeping together it won't be very much."

"But suppose," I asked, "a squall comes up in the night and blows us apart, so that we can't see anything of each other next morning, what then?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to fix that," Haines answered, "and that's fixed already. If we get blown apart we'll meet at a point somewhere ahead; our captain will tell Mr. Johnson, perhaps I ought to call him Captain Johnson now, that we shall meet at a certain place. He'll give him the latitude and longitude every day where we are to meet at noon the next day, and the first ship that gets to that point will wait for the other."

"Oh, I understand," said I, "and that's a very good way of doing."

"I s'pose, too," continued Haines, "that as long's we're together all the observations for latitude and longitude will be made on board the Washington, as we're not near so short-handed as the Warwick is. Our captain or first mate will take the sun every day and work up all the figuring, and then we'll signal the result over to the Warwick. The second mate's

a good sailor and understands navigation, but it takes time to do all these things, and he hasn't any to spare. If he gets blown out of sight of us, why, then he'll have to work up his own position, but he needn't do so as long as we're in company."

CHAPTER VI.

IN DANGER FROM A WATERSPOUT. — CAUGHT IN A GALE. — SEPARATED FROM OUR CONSORT. — A GHOST ON THE WASHINGTON!

At daylight the next morning the Warwick was about four miles ahead and a little to the south of the Washington. The night had been clear with a steady wind blowing, and each ship had laid its course perfectly. The Warwick shortened sail a little, so that about noon we came up to within hailing distance of the Warwick. Our first mate, Mr. Stevens, hailed, and asked how things were going.

"All right, sir," was the reply. "Everything all right on board, and Warwick's people getting on comfortably. Don't think any more of 'em will die."

Then we gave them latitude and longitude, and after that the ships steered away from each other and sailed along about a mile apart.

It was partly a feeling of humanity and partly a practical desire for making money for himself and owners that prompted our captain to reduce his own crew in order to save the Warwick and the people on board of her. The Warwick's cargo was a valu-

able one, and the ship was also worth quite a handsome amount of money, as she was only three years old, substantially built, and well rigged throughout. The salvage on her would be very large, at least so Bill Haines said, probably sixty or seventy per cent, and that would be distributed among the owners of the Washington, her captain, and the salvage crew that went on board the Warwick. I asked Haines if those who stayed behind on the Warwick would get anything, and he said he believed not. I intimated that it was hardly fair to leave us out, as we had to perform, in addition to our own duties, all the work that would have been done by those who had left us.

"You'll find out, sonny, as you go along in life," said Haines, "that it isn't all fair sailing and fair play. Them that does the least work gets the highest pay. They couldn't sail a ship at all without sailors before the mast; a ship has got to have a crew anyway, but they don't pay the crew nothing like what they pays the captain and mates."

I accepted Bill's logic at the time, and thought that the men before the mast were unjustly treated. Since I became mate and captain I see things in a different light, and that the officers get higher wages than the crew because they deserve them. I might have told Bill at the time that a ship could not sail

without officers any more than she could sail without a crew; but you never think of these smart answers until after it is too late to give them.

We continued on our course, keeping a sharp look-out for our former acquaintance, the British man-of-war, and for any other of her kind that might be floating about the ocean. At that time Great Britain had nearly a thousand ships-of-war of various kinds, large and small, and kept them in pretty active service. You never knew when or where you were likely to run against one of them; whenever you did meet one there was a chance that she would take some of your men in the manner already described. So it was the American policy to keep out of their reach, if possible, and we could generally distinguish them from other ships, as already explained, by their neat and trim appearance as compared with merchantmen.

It was four or five days after we met the Warwick that the man at the mast-head gave a call that put a new sensation in our veins. We had become a little listless in our work, as the routine was exactly the same from day to day, and from watch to watch, and though we were in considerable dread as to what might be coming, the thrill of excitement was by no means unwelcome.

A south-easterly breeze was blowing, and the skies above us were very dark, in fact, they grew so dark

as to make the broad midday that it was seem like twilight, and though the Warwick was only two or three miles away from us we couldn't make her out. The man at the mast-head said it looked as if a squall was coming, and the captain paced the quarter-deck in a very uneasy mood.

Suddenly and noiselessly a strange apparition descended out of the blackness of the heavens! It looked to me as though a portion of a cloud was descending toward the water. When it came down to within fifteen or twenty feet of the sea the waters beneath it began to boil and twist and foam. It was not more than a third of a mile away from the ship, and the worst thing about it was that it came directly towards us. It resembled an inverted cone touching the surface of the ocean, and the water seemed to rise up to meet it.

My friend Haines was up aloft helping to take in the mainsail, so that I could not ask him what the strange apparition was. By and by he came down and around to where I stood, and as he reached me he remarked, —

"That's a dangerous thing, Jack! More dangerous than a British man-of-war!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"That's a waterspout," he replied, "and a big one too. I never saw one quite as large as that, nor as

white. They're most of 'em black, sometimes blacker even than the sky above is now, but this one, you see, is a good deal whiter. If it ever hits us we're gone to the bottom!"

"How does that happen?" I asked. "Does it let down a great lot of water on the ship?"

"Yes, that's just what it does! It lets down water enough to drown a ship and sink her out of sight. It's just as if you should empty a whole barrel of water over one of the toy boats you used to make when you were a small boy."

Nearer and nearer came the waterspout toward us. The captain went below and brought out a musket, a weapon that had done duty in Revolutionary times.

"What's he got that for?" I asked; "I hope he isn't going to shoot anybody."

"No," said Haines, "he won't shoot anybody on board the ship; what he's after is to shoot the waterspout if it comes too near."

"What good will that do?"

"If you shoot into a waterspout," replied Haines, "it will break up and tumble into the sea, provided you are lucky enough to hit it right in the center and before it gets too near the ship. I've seen that done two or three times. Some sailors declare it's no use, but I know better, and every ship I go to sea on I hope will have a gun to shoot waterspouts with."

According to my reckoning the dreaded column came within two hundred yards of the Washington; then it seemed to stop and move away toward the southward, where it disappeared. Whether it broke up or continued to hold together I don't know, but just as it went out of sight in the clouds there was a squall struck us, and danced the Washington around pretty lively. As we had made everything snug when the squall was first reported, it did no particular harm, but I noticed that it whitened several of the faces of the men standing around me.

Haines told me that it used to be believed that the waterspouts in the Atlantic Ocean were really dragons or great serpents in the air. Some thought that the waterspout was a terrible animal living in the bottom of the sea, and some declared them to be black serpents passing from the desert into the sea, and living five hundred years. One of the old writers, in a book I've seen since I've quit the seafaring life, says that in the Gulf of Salato every month in the year a great black dragon is seen to come from the clouds and put its head into the water. Its tail seems as though it were fixed in the sky, and this dragon drinks so greedily that it swallows any ships that may come in the water, along with their crews and cargo, be they ever so heavy.

It used to be the custom on French and Spanish

ships, when waterspouts appeared, for the sailors to hold a religious service, raising their swords and holding them against each other in the shape of a cross. It was claimed that this would cause the dragon to flee, as he is an infidel, and always takes flight when he sees the Christian cross.

One old writer, Thevenot, says he was an eye-witness of just such a scene when the mariners drove away a waterspout in the manner described. In another instance one of the ship's company knelt down by the mainmast, held in his hand a knife with a black handle, and read the Gospel according to St. John. When he came to the words, "Et verbum carne factum est et habitant in nobis" (And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us), the man turned towards the waterspout, and with his knife cut the air as if he were cutting the dragon or a demon. Immediately the water fell with a great noise, and the ship was saved.

Nothing of consequence happened for two days after the adventure with the waterspout. At the end of the second day a gale sprang up and blew with such a velocity for twelve or fourteen hours that the safety of the ship was greatly endangered. All the sails were taken in, with the exception of the least bit of a rag of a foresail and jib, just enough to hold the Washington around with her head to the

wind. Frequently the waves broke over her bows and threatened to swamp her. The captain ordered the man at the wheel to be securely tied, for fear he would be washed overboard, and everybody on deck at the time took the precaution to lash himself to something whenever his duties did not require him to be moving about deck or climbing into the rigging.

It was well that we took this precaution; at any rate, it was well that I did. Several times the seas were so heavy that I'm sure I should have been washed overboard if I had not been lashed to the foot of the mainmast, and held on with all my might to the halliards that were attached to it. As you already know, it was David's watch below while I was on deck; when the watches were changed I told him what I had been doing, and advised him to follow my example.

He did so, and told me afterward that he thought my advice had saved him from being washed overboard. It was the first real gale of the voyage, and consequently the first that David and I had ever seen. We wished ourselves back at home in Pembroke, but wishing did not help the matter a bit; and we resigned ourselves to whatever fate had in store for us.

All on board the Washington had a good deal of

anxiety concerning the Warwick, as she was so short-handed in crew. With only one officer and six men it would be necessary for all of them to be on duty through the entire night. There was no such thing as standing watch and watch in a gale like that.

When the morning came we looked anxiously all about the horizon, the mate going aloft with the captain's glass and sweeping every part of the ocean as far as he could see. He must have staid up there fully an hour; every eye was watching him, and every ear listening in the hope of hearing him call out "Sail ho!" and indicate the direction where the sail appeared. But he made no call, and descended finally to the deck. He shook his head as the captain spoke to him, and we all knew just as well as though he had told us that the Warwick was not in sight.

We had been driven a considerable distance out of our course by the gale. As the wind abated we put on a little sail, and increased the quantity at intervals as the wind dropped down. When we had resumed our course and were moving along at a fair pace I looked to the south and saw, perhaps eight or ten miles away from us, a solid wall of what seemed to be land. I was about to say so to the men who were nearest to me, but checked myself just in time to avoid a display of my ignorance. Haines was a

little distance away from me, near the foot of the foremast, and so I sidled up to him and asked him to look in the direction that I indicated. I did not suggest what I thought that bank was, and left him to enlighten me or not. We seemed to be approaching the shore with considerable rapidity, and yet we were sailing parallel to it, and not in its direction.

"That fog-bank will be on us pretty quick," Haines remarked; and then I knew that what I had supposed to be land was nothing more than fog.

"Get out your knife, Jack," said Haines, "and be ready to slash yer way through it. That's one of them fogs that's made out 'er pea-soup and water mixed with a lot of air. When it gets on us you won't be able to see the length of the ship, and just so long as that fog stays we might as well be sailing in a wash-tub for all that we can see around us."

I kept my eye on the fog-bank and saw that it neared us rapidly until it reached us. All around and above the air was clear, and it did not take much imagination to suppose that a great monster was coming out of the south to overwhelm us.

In some parts of the world the fog is supposed to be the abode of spirits, and in former times the fog itself was believed to be a spirit which had taken that shape. Some of our sailors seemed to have a

particular dread of the fog, not so much for its disagreeable nature and the possibility of having a collision with another ship while shut up in the fog-bank, but an uncanny feeling growing out of their superstitions. I didn't have any superstitious fear at all concerning it, but it certainly gave me a very uncomfortable sensation when I saw it coming.

Well, when that fog arrived, it seemed as though it would swamp us. Actually, you couldn't see from one end of the ship to the other, and if there had been a thousand ships close around us we couldn't have seen one of them until we ran into her or got near enough to be in danger. In a little while the sails and rigging were wet as though there had been a heavy shower, and the water dripped from them in all directions. There was no need of washing the deck when the mist had been on us for an hour or more, as the fog drenched it and the rolling of the ship caused the water to pass out through the scuppers. My clothes were wet through, as though I had been overboard without taking them off, and it seemed to me that I was breathing a mixture of air and water in about equal proportions, and ran the risk of being drowned in consequence.

The fog remained with us the greater part of the day, not blowing away until nearly nightfall. It went as suddenly as it came, and we were all glad to see it disappear.

When the fog had gone away Mr. Stevens went aloft again with the captain's telescope, but with the same result as before; the Warwick was nowhere to be seen.

We settled down to another night of anxiety concerning our companion ship, and our talk on the subject showed that our fears for the safety of our consort had been greatly increased in the past twenty-four hours. Some of the men felt entirely sure that the Warwick was lost, others had grave doubts, and others again were quite hopeful of her safety. Among those in the last category was my friend Haines, and he demonstrated the reason for his belief by setting forth his faith in Mr. Johnson and the men who accompanied him.

"Johnson has the nerve of a thunderbolt," said Haines, "and he's got the wearing qualities of a piece of steel. The men as went with him were among the best on the ship, all good, able-bodied seamen, and the kind of men you want to stick to when you know 'em. Johnson knew just what to do with the ship when the gale came on, and you can bet he did it. We'll see if the Warwick don't turn up at the point where we was to meet her in case we got blowed apart."

The night passed quietly and the next day came on bright and beautiful. We had a good eight-knot

breeze on our starboard quarter and everything spread that would draw. After the sun was well up, the mate climbed again into the rigging and scanned the horizon all around in search of the Warwick. She wasn't to be seen anywhere; again the spirit of gloom passed over the ship's company, and the question that rose most prominently in every mind was, "Shall we ever see the Warwick again?"

A rumor went about that a ghost had been seen on board the ship during the night. With each repetition the story increased, until finally it included Mr. Johnson, our second mate, and all the men who were with him, their specters having been seen in solemn procession by the man at the wheel just before the watch was changed at midnight.

It was two or three hours before the report reached the captain's ears; and I may remark that very often on ship-board a story may be circulating for days and weeks among the men of the crew, and the captain know nothing about it. As soon as Captain Dawson — I believe I haven't told you before the name of our commander — heard about the ghost, he proceeded to take active measures concerning him. All hands were called; the men were ordered to stand up in line, and then the captain began at one end of it and questioned each man successively.

"Did you see any ghost last night?" he said to the first.

"No, sir, I did not," was the laconic reply.

"Did you see any ghost last night?" Captain Dawson asked, addressing the second man.

"No, sir, I did not."

In this way he questioned each man until he came to the ninth or tenth, I forget which, one of the two men whom the British officer was about to take away at the time we were intercepted, as I have told in a previous chapter. When the question was asked, the man raised his hand to his head in form of a salute, and replied, —

"I don't know, sir, but I thought I did."

"Well, tell me what it was that you thought you saw."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GHOSTS AND HOW THEY WERE LAID. — ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST. — THE WARWICK AGAIN. — ENCOUNTERING AN ALGERIAN PIRATE.

"WELL, sir," replied the sailor, "I was standing near the mainmast about a quarter of an hour or so after eight bells (midnight), in the larboard watch. I was looking for'ard at the time, and saw something white, in the shape of a man, come in over the weather-side of the ship, just abaft of the foremast, and then there was another, and another. I was that frightened I can't say how many of them there was, but there was more'n two or three of 'em, sir. They was in the shape of men, and they just went along without stopping to look at anybody. Seemed to me it must be the Warwick had gone to the bottom and they'd come to tell us about it."

"If they'd come to tell us about it," said the captain, "why didn't they stop and do so?"

"Oh, ghosts never stop to talk with nobody," said the sailor; "leastways, I never knew a ghost what did."

"You seem to be familiar with them by the way you talk," said Captain Dawson.

"Well, yes, sir; I hain't seen many ghosts myself, sir, but a good many of my friends has seen lots of 'em, and has told me all about 'em."

"You haven't seen any ghosts on this ship before, have you?" the captain asked.

"No, sir, I hain't seen no ghost before last night, and I'm not altogether sure that they was the ghosts of Mr. Johnson and the sailors; but that's what I thought."

"Well," said the captain after a pause, "we'll let you and your ghosts go this time; if you saw anything at all it was nothing but scuds of mist or fog blowing across the ship. If any ghost comes here again the man that sees him will get twenty lashes of a rope's end, and I want all you men to bear this in mind. I don't have any ghosts about the ship I command; they're no friends of mine, and I want 'em to stay away. Now, remember, men — twenty lashes to anybody who sees a ghost on the Washington."

With that the crew were dismissed, those who had the watch on deck went to their duty, and the rest below, or anywhere else they pleased.

You may be sure that there wasn't another ghost seen on the Washington during the rest of the voyage, or, if any man saw one, he kept the knowledge of the sight to himself. Twenty lashes of a rope's end is not an agreeable offset to a vision of something unearthly.

But I want to say right here that most sailors believe in ghosts and can tell of good things that they've done as well as bad ones. There was a ghost seen by Captain Rogers, of the Royal Navy, in 1664. He commanded the ship Society that was on a voyage from England to Virginia; he was headed in for the Capes, and reckoned that he was about three hundred miles from them. A ghost came to him in the night and told him to turn out and look about. He turned out, looked around, found everything quiet, and all the watch alert, and so he turned in again.

He hadn't been long in his bed when the ghost came again and told him to heave the lead. He got up at once and cast the lead, and found he was in only seven fathoms of water. He tacked ship in a hurry, and when daylight came found he was right under the Capes instead of being far out at sea as he supposed.

When I had a chance to speak to Haines alone I asked him what he knew about ghosts. He rather evaded the question, by saying he had never seen one himself, but he'd been on ships where they were, and had known lots of sailors who had seen them.

"I was on a ship once," said he, "where they not only saw a ghost but smelled him. For two or three nights he was seen several times, always in a certain spot in the ship, and he left a smell which was there all the time, whether the ghost was or not."

"Do you think it was really a ghost?" I asked.

"Our captain didn't believe it; anyway, he ordered a search made in the place where the ghost was, and after overhauling a lot of stuff they found a dead rat there. 'Twas the rat that caused the ghostly smell, and probably the imagination of the sailors did the rest. The man who first smelled the ghost got ten lashes for not reporting it right away.

"The biggest lot of ghosts I ever heard of in one crowd was down in the West Indies. The story was that Admiral Hosier had asked permission to attack Porto Bello and the request was denied. A few years later, Admiral Hosier was removed from command, went home, and died. Afterwards Porto Bello was assaulted and captured, and after the capture, the commander of the fleet which had taken the place saw the ghost of the admiral, and with it the ghosts of all his crews, and the phantoms of all his ships. 'Twas the biggest turnout of ghosts I ever heard of."

"Yes, indeed it was," I answered; "I wonder if those ghosts took any part in the fighting at the capture of Porto Bello."

"I don't know that they did," said Haines; "but I've heard of ghosts what went into battle and helped their friends very much, not by handling the weapons, but by scaring the people on the other side.

"Well, here's a story of a ghost I know all about," said Haines; "a ship I sailed in once had a ghost that first appeared to the mate. That is to say, the mate heard somebody groaning in an empty cabin, and went up on deck in a hurry. One night some of the men in the forecastle in their watch below saw a ghost, and they all agreed as to the description of it. Two or three times a ghost was seen in the rigging, and one night the captain happened to be on deck and saw him out at the end of a yard-arm. The captain slipped quietly up the rigging and caught the ghost."

"Caught him, did he?" said I. "Why, I thought it was impossible to lay hands on a ghost!"

"Well," said Haines, "that ghost turned out to be a sailor who had been playing these tricks on his comrades in revenge for something the captain had done to him in the early part of the voyage."

Our conversation on ghosts was interrupted by the welcome cry of, "Sail ho!" in the voice of Mr. Stevens, who had once more gone aloft to look for the Warwick.

"What do you make her out?" the captain asked.

"She's too far off, sir, for me to tell what she is," the mate replied.

"Where away?" was the captain's next question.

"About four points on the weather bow," was the reply.

Immediately Captain Dawson gave orders for the Washington to be steered in the direction of the strange sail. It did not take long for us to ascertain that the stranger was headed pretty nearly as we had been; this circumstance strengthened the belief that she was the Warwick, and was heading for the appointed place of meeting. The mate descended to the deck to assist in the maneuvers necessary for our change of course, and when this had been accomplished he returned to his post aloft. By this time he was able to see that the strange vessel looked like the Warwick; he remained there on watch until satisfied that such was the case.

When he came down to the deck again we all waited anxiously for his report to the captain. As he was making it he could not help seeing the anxiety among the crew, and so he turned to us and said, —

"Boys, I'm pretty sure she's the Warwick! I can't be certain yet for half an hour or so, but you needn't feel uneasy about your shipmates!"

We gave a ringing cheer at this announcement, and everybody felt far happier than he was feeling an hour before.

Sure enough she turned out to be the Warwick, and in due time we were up within hailing distance of her. Mr. Johnson answered in a cheery tone the hail of Captain Dawson, and said, —

"Everybody's well, and Warwick's people getting on finely! Saw the gale coming and got everything snug before it struck us!"

He described the experience of the ship and crew in almost the identical words that I have told about the effects of the gale on the Washington, and so it isn't necessary to repeat. We gave him our latitude and longitude, which he had little need of just at that time, as he had been obliged to work them out for himself.

From this time on we had no incidents of consequence until we got within a hundred miles of the coast as we headed for the Straits of Gibraltar. Then we had an incident with some excitement in it.

We were sailing along nicely one morning, about eight bells, when a sail was discovered dead ahead. The Warwick was off on our weather beam about two miles, and a little astern. The strange sail was heading directly for us, and in a little while we made her out to be a Moorish or Algerine galiot. She was laying her course so straight for us that our captain felt sure she meant business and would capture us if she could.

At that time the Algerine corsairs were scouring the Mediterranean and the portion of the Atlantic just outside the Straits of Gibraltar, and were ready to capture anything. For hundreds of years they had

been carrying on their piracy, capturing the vessels of every nation of Europe, confiscating the ships and their cargo, and selling the ship's crew into slavery. Sometimes the crew were ransomed, if they happened to have wealthy friends at home, and occasionally their ransoms were bought by wholesale by the nations to whom they belonged. Now and then nations made treaties with the pirates, paying them a stipulated sum each year to let their commerce alone; and payments were partially in cash and partially in guns, ammunition, naval stores, etc., the kind of goods that were required to keep up the piratical operations.

When the United States came into existence as a nation and its commerce was carried to the Mediterranean Sea, the Deys of Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, and the other states of the Barbary Coast rejoiced to think they had a new country against which they could press their depredations. American ships fell into their hands very early in our national history, and President Washington called the attention of the national government to these piracies as early as 1790.

In an able report, Secretary Jefferson laid before Congress important details touching the position of American interests in that part of the globe. Little could be done, however, as the Americans had no

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navy, and the commerce of the United States in the Mediterranean was for a long time dependent upon the Portuguese fleet for protection. Portugal was at war with Algiers for several years, and ships of other nations sought the protection of her flag, and were thereby saved from capture.

Captain Dawson signaled to the Warwick to come within hail, and without changing their courses materially to do so, the ships were speedily not more than a hundred yards apart. Before leaving America we had news that the war between Algiers and Portugal had been brought to an end through the assistance of Great Britain, with the avowed purpose of injuring France, with which the last-named country was then at war.

It was not exactly a treaty of peace, but simply a truce for one year; and in the treaty was introduced the remarkable stipulation that the Portuguese government should not afford protection to any nation against Algerine cruisers. The treaty went into effect immediately, and the result of the agreement was very disastrous to American commerce. Having heard of the truce just before we sailed, we were on the lookout for the sea robbers. The state of the case was that the ships of every nation except those of Great Britain and Portugal were liable to be captured, and their only safety was in running away, or being sufficiently strong to resist.

I ought to have mentioned before that the Washington carried five guns, — two six-pounders on each side of the ship, and one twelve-pounder on a pivot amidships. The Warwick had the same armament, but she had the disadvantage, as the reader knows, of being very shorthanded, and the Washington had lost some of the members of her gun crews by the absence of the men on the other ship. We had been drilled daily in good weather, so that we felt we could handle our guns very well. If we could only hold the pirate craft away from boarding us we had no occasion for worry. They carry a large number of men on these corsairs, and their plan is to run a ship directly aboard and overwhelm her by superior force.

Captain Dawson had hoisted the American flag, and the Warwick followed his example by hoisting the English one, her national color. As soon as the ships were within hailing distance our captain gave orders to Mr. Johnson to stand by and help us in case of necessity. "You can't do much fighting with your crew," said Captain Dawson, "but perhaps you can put a shot in now and then, if necessary."

"All right, sir" replied Johnson; then he added, "Mate of Warwick says we have some new-fangled rockets on board for fighting. Hadn't we best try 'em?"

"Aye, aye, sir, try 'em, of course," said the captain.

Mr. Johnson answered back with a hearty, "Aye, aye, sir," and there the conversation ended. Meanwhile the strange craft was approaching us rapidly. Before a great while she was within hailing distance, and a voice called out in very bad English, "Heave to!"

"Can't do it; we're in a hurry!" replied the captain; and the Washington followed the example of the moon when the dog barked at it—it kept right on as though nothing had happened. Then a shot was fired across her bows by the stranger, whom we now made out to be an Algerine corsair. We paid no attention to this, and another shot followed very speedily. It was aimed at our hull, but evidently a poor marksman handled the gun, as the shot went two or three hundred yards astern of us.

Captain Dawson now thought it was time to make a response. The gun crews had been standing by their pieces, and everybody was anxious to open fire. The captain ordered Mr. Stevens, who had charge of the big pivot-gun, to "Let go!" and the order was obeyed immediately. The shot was a lucky one, as it pierced the hull of the galiot and cut away her foremast below deck. The mast (she had but one) fell with a crash, and the Algerine boat was completely disabled. We

could see that she was full of men, and if she had once got alongside so as to carry us by boarding, our chance of escape would have been small.

The Warwick was to the starboard of the Washington and a little astern at the time this happened. She was edging up to get into a position where she could deliver a shot at the Algerine craft when opportunity offered.

Captain Dawson hailed Mr. Johnson on the Warwick and said, —

"Come up and try one of your new-fangled things on these pirates!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply; and then as the Washington forged ahead a little, the Warwick came up until she was not more than two hundred yards from the galiot and just astern of her. Her mate understood the handling of the rockets, which were then a new invention, and under the care he had received he was able to be about deck and render himself of much practical use. Since they obtained a supply of provisions the crew of the Warwick had improved rapidly, and the men had gone on duty at the suggestion of Mr. Johnson, with the understanding that they could be let off at any time when they felt too weak to stay on deck. The most of them were standing their watches regularly, but there were some who did not go on duty at all during the entire time we were with them.

Two or three of the rockets were brought on deck, and the Warwick's mate, Mr. Townley, directed how the firing-tube should be placed. I should explain that these rockets were fired from tubes to which they were specially fitted, and by which they were directed on their course.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CONGREVE ROCKET AMONG ALGERINE PIRATES. — ARRIVAL AT GIBRALTAR. — ARRESTED AND IN PRISON.

Two or three minutes elapsed after the order was given, and as all on board the Washington had heard it, we were anxiously awaiting the result. Suddenly there was a loud hissing and a swish through the air, and we saw something which left a trail of smoke behind it taking a curving course from the Warwick to the Algerine vessel. It was well aimed, as it went aboard the Algerine just over her stern and seemed to rake her from one end to the other.

Exactly what those Algerines thought I don't know, and even if I did know I wouldn't understand it, as I've no knowledge of their language. We couldn't see that anybody was hurt by the rocket, but everybody on board that craft must have been badly scared. They yelled and ran hither and yon, and about twenty of them jumped overboard, thinking perhaps that if they got drowned in the ocean they might be saved from death by the terrible missile which had just been thrown upon them.

While they were in a very lively state of excitement another rocket went on board, and this added to the confusion which was certainly bad enough before. Captain Dawson signaled to Mr. Johnson to stop firing, and no more rockets were thrown.

From a remark that the captain made afterwards I think he was sorry he didn't follow up his advantage and completely destroy the Algerine corsair. He might have done so, possibly, but on the other hand he would have received considerable damage from his adversary. My belief is that he did just right in sailing away and holding his course for Gibraltar, closely followed by the Warwick.

We had no further trouble after meeting this fellow, though we saw two or three of his kindred at a distance before we reached the straits. We learned afterwards that a good many of them were out cruising on the Atlantic in search of prizes, but they were scattered considerably in order to cover as much ground as possible. We went through the straits at a lucky moment it turned out, as there were nearly always two or three of the corsairs hanging about that region, and rarely going more than twenty or thirty miles away from the entrance to the Mediterranean.

We steered into Gibraltar in fine style, and anchored in the harbor which lies in the bay between

the town which bears the name of the rock and the Spanish town of Algeciras. The health officer boarded us almost immediately as we dropped anchor, the Washington being first to reach the harbor anchorage. It did not require long for him to ascertain that we were all well on board and entitled to a clean bill of health. Our captain told him about the Warwick, and as soon as he was through with us he went directly on board of what we may call our prize.

He gave a clean bill of health in the Warwick's case as well as in our own, and she was fully entitled to it, as there was no disease on board, the suffering which the crew had undergone having come wholly from a lack of food.

After the health officer had visited us he went ashore, and it was not long before the story of the Warwick, the sufferings of the people on board of her, and her relief by the American ship that came into port with her, became known in Gibraltar. The captain of the port came off to visit both ships, a very unusual thing for him to do, and he made arrangements to take our captain with him to call upon the Governor of Gibraltar the next day. When the call was made the governor was very civil to Captain Dawson, and said he had performed an act of humanity which deserved high recognition when

all its circumstances were considered. He said he should report the circumstances to his government, and hoped that Captain Dawson and our second mate would be suitably rewarded. The captain thanked him for his good wishes, and said he trusted entirely to the generosity of a government whose maritime power was the greatest in the world.

Then he told about the affair with the Algerine pirate, to which the governor listened attentively. He laughed heartily over the incident of the rockets, which were, he said, the invention of Sir William Congreve, and this was the first time he had known of their use in actual warfare. He also laughed over Captain Dawson's description of the consternation created among the piratical crew when the rocket was let loose among them, and especially when the captain told about the jumping overboard. He said he should mention this matter in his next report, as it might prove of great importance to the government.

I may add here for the reader's information that these rockets were intended to explode and hurl leaden balls and scraps of iron among the enemy. They were particularly calculated to frighten horses and break up cavalry operations generally, and when tried in actual warfare they were nearly as destructive among infantry. They were first tried successfully in warfare and with fatal effect at the attack on Copenhagen in 1807.

One great advantage of these rockets is that they make no recoil against the stand from which they are fired; the largest rocket can therefore be discharged without danger from the smallest boat, and consequently, in naval attacks on fortresses and cities, a flotilla of rocket boats is generally used. The great disadvantage of this missile is the uncertainty of its course. It was a very lucky circumstance that we were enabled to throw the two rockets that were sent from the Warwick directly on board the Algerine; but we were very near her, and thus had a much better aim than if she had been farther away.

Since I quit the sea and sat down to write this narrative I have read somewhere that the Duke of Wellington was invited to witness a trial of the Congreve rocket soon after it was invented and perfected. The duke was on horseback, surrounded by a large and handsomely uniformed staff; the group was assembled at the top of a small hill which commanded a view of the plain where the experiments were to take place.

A few rockets had been let off, and the duke seemed well satisfied with their performance. Finally one rocket, at its discharge, took an erratic course, and came directly into the midst of the distinguished party, where it fizzed and sputtered while

darting here and there, and then, dashing off to one side, exploded. If the explosion had taken place directly in the group, some of the officers would probably have been killed or wounded; as it was the horses were frightened, and fully one-half the party were thrown to the ground and had to walk home, or wait till their horses were caught and brought to them. From that moment the Duke of Wellington was never favorable to the use of the Congreve rocket.

But I am getting away from my story. As the news spread about Gibraltar of the saving of the Warwick and those whom we found on board of her, the officers and crew of the Washington became the objects of considerable attention. Captain Dawson did not neglect to take the proper steps for obtaining his claim for salvage; he employed a lawyer of Gibraltar to attend to the matter, and it is proper to say that the lawyer did his duty faithfully. The claim was considerably reduced by the court, but nevertheless it was a handsome compensation, and everybody concerned on our side of the affair felt well rewarded for his trouble. A special award was made to Mr. Johnson and the six men who went with him on board the Warwick; this was done, we understood, at the instance of the Governor of Gibraltar, who seemed rather more kindly disposed

toward us than was usually the case with English officers toward Americans at that time.

When any of the crew of the Washington obtained liberty to go on shore they were treated kindly, and very often, too, by the British sailors and landsmen. One effect of the hospitality of Gibraltar was that those of our crew who were not abstemious from drink generally returned to the ship much the worse for their excursion.

One afternoon several of us, including Haines and myself, had permission to go ashore. It was very hot that day, and we found it rather fatiguing work to walk about.

About dusk we concluded it was time to go on board again, and went down to the quay for that purpose. There we fell in with some English sailors, most of whom had been drinking heavily, and they began to treat us very uncivilly. Of course we resented, and the result was a row. It was necessary for the police to interfere; but before they could do so there was a general fight in which the chances were about even. I had the misfortune to be knocked down, and so hard was the blow that I was virtually insensible. The last I remember of the struggle I was seized by the collar and arms and dragged roughly away.

On coming to my senses I found myself in a guard-

house, along with Haines and two other men from the Washington, with a sentry on duty to prevent our getting away. Haines had been rubbing my limbs and trying in other ways to restore me, and was very much delighted when I was able to speak. He had a swollen face, so that he was able to see out of but one eye, and that not very well.

One of my first questions was as to what they were going to do with us.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Haines; "I've been pumping the sentry, and all I can make out is that we've been disorderly, and can't stir till an officer comes to take charge of us."

We were hungry and thirsty, and asked for water and something to eat. The sentry called another soldier, who brought us some water, but said it would take money to buy anything else. We gave the fellow a shilling, and he went off to return presently with some fruit, which probably cost him a penny or two, as fruit is very cheap in Gibraltar. The rest of the money he pocketed, or perhaps divided with our guard, as we didn't see it again or get anything for it.

It was along in the evening when this happened, and we had to stay in the guard-house until morning, sleeping on the floor, and using our jackets for pillows. The next morning we were taken to what

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HE BROUGHT HIS GLASS TO BEAR UPON THE OBJECT. Page 141.

I supposed was the office of the chief of police, or the commandant of the port, I couldn't make out which. A man in uniform looked at us, but asked no questions, and in less than five minutes he ordered us taken on board the receiving-ship in the harbor. This was one of the king's ships that had been pronounced unseaworthy, and was used as a storehouse, prison, or anything else that was required of her; she was especially used to receive sailors till they were drafted off to one of the war-ships that needed men.

"They're going to take us to serve the king," said Haines; "they want men, and don't care how they get 'em."

"But the king hasn't anything to do with us," I replied; "we're Americans, and not his subjects anyhow."

"Avast there, my lad," said Haines, "what do you think the king or his officers care about that? Don't you remember our little affair in the early part of the voyage with that British man-of-war?"

"Oh, certainly I do," I replied; "but the officer who came aboard did not try to take anybody away that he knew was an American."

"Yes, that's true," Haines replied; "and the trouble with him was, from a British point of view, that he was too particular, and also that he lost his head over

the captain's rum-bottle. Not one officer in twenty, so far as I've known, would hesitate at taking just as many men as he wanted, whether they were British born or not. You see, that officer wasn't right in his head when he got drunk so easily at a time when he should have stayed sober.

"It looks to me very much," Haines continued, "as though they intended to impress us in punishment for our disorderly conduct. I presume that's what they do when Americans come ashore and give any sort of a reason for being arrested; off they go to the king's receiving-ship, and whenever wanted they are drafted into one of his Majesty's men-of-war. But make yourself easy, my lad, we won't have any trouble; as soon as they find that we belong to the crew of the Washington that little affair of the Warwick will set everything right."

While he spoke an officer appeared; what he was I don't know, but he had uniform enough on him for a general or an admiral, at least.

He spoke to the officer in charge of us, and called him to one side. There was quite an earnest talk between them, but of course we don't know what it was. Anyhow, it was something in our favor, as we were taken back to where we spent the night, and our keeper treated us very civilly after the heavily uniformed officer went away.

He asked if we would like some breakfast, and on our saying we would he gave an order to one of the soldiers to bring us something to eat. In less than a quarter of an hour we had a big pan of beef-stew before us, along with a large loaf of bread, and as much coffee as we wanted to drink. It was a real good breakfast, and every one of us felt a great deal better after we had eaten it.

That it was the intention to impress us into the British service I have not the least doubt, and Haines was correct when he suggested that the affair of the Warwick would save us. I heard afterward that not a few American sailors who became drunk and disorderly while on shore at Gibraltar and other British ports had been sent to jail over night and to a receiving-ship in the morning. They had no chance of escape, and in the course of time, and very short at that, found themselves serving on British ships-of-war.

At the time of which I write no fewer than four thousand impressed Americans were serving on British ships; that number had been reported through the consuls and other representatives of the United States abroad, and it is probable that two or three thousand more were unable to make their situations known. They were not allowed to send letters to their friends; and when in port, whether in British

ports or not, they were never allowed ashore, lest they might escape, or at all events send a communication that would call attention to their impressment.

We had quite a talk on the subject as we sat and lay around after our breakfast, waiting to see what would next turn up. Haines predicted that in less than ten years the United States would have another war with Great Britain, and it would grow out of this very business of the impressment of American sailors. It is said that at one time a British officer who was taking some men from an American vessel remarked to the captain of it, —

"I wonder that the Americans permit this sort of thing to go on. Great Britain wouldn't stand it an hour, and I think the same can be said of every nation on the continent of Europe."

Well, we wouldn't have stood it an hour either if we had had a navy like that of Great Britain. She had a thousand sail, and we had less than twenty war-ships, taking all kinds and descriptions together.

"I'll tell you a bit of my experience," said Haines, "in this impressing business, and you can see just how it is. It's no wonder that the relations between the United States and Great Britain are what they are when the sort of thing I'm going to tell you about can go on.

"I was going out to Havana in the brig Julia in the latter part of 1798," said Haines, "and there were several sail of us under convoy of the twenty-gun sloop-of-war Baltimore. We were in sight of the Moro Castle, at the entrance of the port of Havana, and a dandy port it is — room enough for a thousand sail inside, but only one can go in or out at a time. Captain Phillips of the Baltimore made signal for us to crowd sail as hard as we could to get into port; it seemed that he had seen an English squadron away to the windward, and knew they would capture us if they could, as they were blockading Havana. In fact, they did take three of us; but the rest got in all right, and among 'em was the Julia.

"After he had signaled to his convoy, Captain Phillips bore up to speak to the English commodore, who was in the Carnatic, seventy-four, and he had four other war-ships with her, one of 'em a big feller with ninety-eight guns.

"When Captain Phillips got near the Carnatic, the English captain, his name was Loring, invited the American to go and visit him aboard. Captain Phillips went, and what do you suppose the Englishman told him when he got him there?"

"I can't guess, I'm sure. What was it?"

"Why, he said he intended to take out of the

Baltimore all the men who had no American protection papers. Captain Phillips protested, and said it was an outrage on his nation and flag, and he would surrender his ship if Captain Loring insisted upon doing as he had threatened. You see, there were only twenty American guns on the Baltimore against more than three hundred on the British fleet. Then he went back to his ship, where he found an English officer mustering his crew."

"What did he do then?"

"He took the muster-roll out of the officer's hand, ordered the officer to leeward, and sent the men to their quarters. Then he consulted an American legal gentleman who happened to be on board, and as his instructions were that on no account should any vessel of any nation except France be molested, even to prevent the capture of his convoy, he decided to surrender. He ordered the Baltimore's flag hauled down, and told the English captain to do what he pleased with the ship. The Englishman sent on board and took away fifty-five of the Baltimore's crew, but very soon he returned fifty of them, and said he had a number of Americans on the Carnatic that he'd be glad to trade for an equal number of Englishmen."

"Did the American captain make the trade with him?"

"No, he didn't; he waited for the Englishman to send a prize-crew to take possession of the Baltimore; but evidently the British captain was afraid of getting into trouble, as he sailed away without another word. When he had gone Captain Phillips put up the Baltimore's flag again, and went about his business. And if they'd treat a ship-of-war in that way, do you suppose they'd have any fine feelings about a merchantman?"

We all assented to his view of the case, and then Haines said we owed what navy we then had to the Algerine pirates. "If it hadn't been for them," said he, "we wouldn't have any navy now, I believe."

"Surely the pirates did not présent us with any ships-of-war!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Oh, no, 'twasn't that way at all. Just cast anchor a bit and I'll tell you how it was."

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ALGIERS. — THE WAR WITH FRANCE. — WHAT OUR NAVY DID. — FROM GIBRALTAR TO MARSEILLES.

"THE first time our government ran against Algerine pirates," said Haines, "was in 1785, when they captured two vessels from the United States, and sold their crews — twenty-one men altogether — into slavery. The President set about getting these men released just as soon as he heard of the capture of the ships. The diplomatic agents of the United States in Europe were instructed to make arrangements in that direction; but the Dey of Algiers believed that he had found a new mine of wealth, and demanded an enormous price for the ransom of the unhappy sailors."

"Did our government pay it?" I asked, as Haines paused.

"No, they did not," was the reply; "they determined that they would not establish a precedent for such exorbitant demands. In France there was a religious society called the Mathurins, that was estab-

lished hundreds of years ago for the purpose of releasing Christian captives who were held by the infidels. Our government employed the chief of the Mathurins to negotiate the liberation of our men, but he didn't succeed. Several other attempts were made, but the Dey refused to come down in his price, because he thought the Americans would pay anything rather than let their citizens be slaves, or, at any rate, their white citizens, as we had plenty of negro slaves in our country and thought that kind of slavery was all right.

"Well, the thing dragged along a good while. Our government appropriated forty thousand dollars to ransom those men. One after another two commissioners were appointed to negotiate the business, but each of 'em died before he got to Algiers.

"Before the negotiations for these twenty-one men were concluded, ten more American ships had been captured, and more than a hundred sailors sold from them into slavery. It was not till 1795 that we brought the miserable business to an end, and got the release of the prisoners by paying eight hundred thousand dollars in cash, with a promise of an annual tribute of twenty-five thousand dollars, and a ship-of-war worth one hundred thousand dollars."

"Do you mean that we were to give them a ship-of-war every year?" I asked.

"Oh, no," replied Haines; "not a ship-of-war every year, but a single one as soon as we could build her, after giving the eight hundred thousand dollars down."

"Oh, I understand," I answered. "Why didn't we take that eight hundred thousand dollars and build ships-of-war with it, and then go and blow the Algerines sky high?"

"That's what we ought to have done," said Haines, "and it's a big shame we didn't do it. What we did every other nation of Europe had been doing, and some of them for hundreds of years. It is like paying a chicken thief five dollars a month to let alone robbing your hen-roost."

"Well, if we've been paying twenty-five thousand dollars a year to the Dey of Algiers to let us alone, how is it that he is capturing our ships now?"

"We were not very prompt in making our payments, I believe," Haines answered; "and besides, them pagans don't pay any attention to their treaties. They make an agreement that is to last five or ten years, and get a certain amount of money; but when they've used that money up and want more they go to capturing our ships again, and simply tell us that they are out of money and must raise it somehow.

"I'm getting off the track a little," said Haines, after a pause, "as I promised to tell you how we

owe our present navy to the Algerine pirates. The capture of our ships was a very bad blow to American commerce, as it drove the American flag out of the Mediterranean, and limited our trade altogether to the West Indies. Matters had come to a very bad state. Mr. Humphreys was appointed Commissioner for the United States in 1793, to negotiate with the Dey of Algiers. He was treated with great contempt by that chief of pirates, and what do you suppose the beggar said when he talked with the American about the business?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply of all of us.

"Well, he said, 'If I were to make peace with everybody what should I do with my corsairs? They would take off my head for the want of other prizes, not being able to live on their miserable allowance.'

"Mr. Humphreys did not waste any time in writing to President Washington and telling him what the barbarian scoundrel said, and he added this comment at the end of his letter. 'If we mean to have a commerce we must have a navy to defend it.'

"Well, the President in his next message to Congress suggested that we must have a navy, and he gave his reasons for the suggestion. I disremember 'em exactly; but the substance of 'em was that the United States would never have any rank among na-

tions if she had the reputation of weakness. We would be sure to be insulted if we hadn't the strength to hit back, and the only way we could have peace was to let everybody know we were always ready to fight.

"Congress took the words of the President in good part," Haines continued, "and passed a bill authorizing the building of six frigates, four of them forty-four gunners, and the two thirty-six gunners; and that's the way we owe our navy to the Algerine pirates. Would you believe it, there were a good many members of Congress who opposed building the navy, and thought it would be better and cheaper to make a trade with the Dey of Algiers by paying him ransom and tribute money instead of spending our money on ships. They made a clause in the bill appropriating a million dollars toward buying a peace with the Dey, and in case they did so, the building of the ships was to be stopped.

"And that's just what happened. In 1795 we made a treaty of peace with this sea-robber which cost the government a million of dollars, as I've already told you about. They stopped work on the ships, but they were pretty well along by that time; and when, in 1797, we got into trouble with France and things looked very squally, it didn't take a great while to finish the ships and get them ready for sea."

"How did the trouble with France come about? Please tell me."

"As near as I can remember," said Haines, "this was the way of it, —

"France and England were at war, and the French government took offense at a treaty we had made with Great Britain. They issued a secret order authorizing French ships-of-war to capture neutral ships in the West Indies, if they were found carrying supplies to British ports. The French cruisers, under this authority, began to seize American ships, and treated their crews with great cruelty. We had felt very friendly to the French down to that time, owing to the way they helped us during the Revolution, but they acted so badly that we didn't feel so well afterward. Next they issued a decree which almost amounted to a declaration of war, and I don't believe you can guess what it was."

"I have read somewhere," I said, "that the French not only authorized the capture of American ships trading between the United States and Great Britain and its colonies, but declared further that any American found on board of a hostile ship, though placed there without his consent by impressment, should be hanged as a pirate! Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, it was," said Haines; "just think of it! British ships were constantly impressing American

seamen. Suppose an English war-ship with impressed Americans on board should be captured by a French cruiser; those Americans were liable to be hanged as pirates! Did you ever hear of anything so outrageous?"

"Certainly I never did," I answered; "it's difficult to believe that such an order was possible. Did the United States declare war against France after that?"

"They didn't do it in the regular form of a declaration," said Haines; "but they sent out war-ships as fast as they could get them ready, with orders to capture French ships, and at the same time they passed a law for raising a land-force to defend our seaports. A good many French privateers were fitted out to capture American ships, and American privateers to capture French ships. As fast as we could get our war-ships ready we sent them out, and the fighting very soon became lively. The frigates United States, Constitution, and Constellation were the first to get to sea, and the Constellation captured a French cruiser a few days after she sailed. She was the first vessel captured in the war, and, in fact, the first ever captured by the navy of the United States.

"There's a funny thing about that cruiser," continued Haines, and I listened attentively to hear what he was saying; "she was called Le Croyable, that's what I think it was, and carried fourteen guns; she

was taken into port, where she was condemned by a prize-court, and added to the United States navy. They named her the Retaliation, and sent her out with two other small ships to cruise in the West Indies.

"One day they sighted two ships that they thought were British, and sailed up within shooting distance. They discovered their mistake when it was too late; what they had thought to be English ships turned out to be Frenchmen, and big ones too. The French ships captured the Retaliation, and the other two started to sail away. One of the big French ships started after them, and she was one of the fastest sailers in the world.

"Captain Bainbridge of the Retaliation had been taken on board the other French ship as a prisoner. When he got there the French captain asked him the strength of the two ships that were running away. He promptly answered, 'Twenty-eight twelve-pounders, and twenty nine-pounders,' which was more than double what their armament really was. The French captain immediately signaled to the other Frenchman to give up the chase and come back. As the one who signaled was the senior officer the other one was obliged to obey his orders, which he did very reluctantly, as he had got near enough to the American ships to see that they were very much inferior to him, and he was pretty certain to capture them."

"Didn't they punish Captain Bainbridge for telling such a falsehood?" I asked.

"No, not at all," said Haines; "you know the old saying, 'All's fair in love and war;' they used a few hard words about him, and then the French captain complimented him on the success of his deception and asked him to take a glass of wine. The trick was by no means a new one, either on sea or on land.

"There was another hard-fought battle in February, 1800," continued Haines, "between Commodore Truxton's ship, the Constellation, thirty-eight guns, and a French ship called the Vengeance, of fifty-two guns. It began at eight o'clock in the evening and lasted till one in the morning. The ships sailed along side by side all that time, and kept firing broadsides into each other. The rigging of the Constellation was so cut away that her mainmast fell overboard, and just before that happened the French ship sheered off and disappeared in the darkness. The Constellation had fourteen men killed and twenty-five wounded, while the Vengeance had fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded. Her captain said that he had lowered his flag twice during the engagement, endeavoring to surrender, but the American hadn't discovered it."

Haines further told me that from the beginning to the end of the war about fifty ships, large and

small, were captured by American privateers. The frigates and other war-ships made a good many captures; and, on the other hand, the French ships took a considerable number of American craft.

Just as he told me this, there was a commotion outside of the room where we were, and the same officer whom I have mentioned as wearing so much uniform appeared at our door, accompanying the keeper of the jail. The keeper unlocked the door, and opened it, and then we were called into the corridor of our prison. The officer questioned us as to whether we belonged to the crew of the Washington, and we promptly answered that we did.

"You'd better go back to your ship at once," said he; "and if you come ashore again try to behave yourselves. If you get into trouble here a second time you may not get off so easily. That's all; you can go now."

We didn't stop to thank him; and, in fact, we could hardly have done so had we thought of it, as he turned on his heel and walked away the instant he pronounced the last word of his little speech that I have quoted. We were only too willing to go back to the ship, and hurried to the landing place as fast as we could go.

We gave a boatman a shilling to take us to the Washington, and you can believe we scrambled up

the side in a hurry. We reported to the mate, who was on duty at the time, and he gave us a sharp ratting for over-staying our liberty on shore. I endeavored to explain matters, that our liberty had been mostly passed in jail, at which he smiled and ordered us to go below.

Captain Dawson was ashore at the time we got back, and didn't return for several hours. Soon after he came back he sent for Haines to come aft and tell the story of our experience. None of the rest of us were sent for, and we were somewhat solicitous as to the treatment Haines would receive. The captain heard his story; and when Haines explained that we had been set upon and provoked by the English sailors with whom we got into the fight, and also that we had done our full share of the knocking down before we were arrested, the captain appeared quite satisfied, and did not make any reproof of us for over-staying our liberty. He did say, however, that he thought it would be well for us to heed the advice of the British officer and not go on shore again. Then he told Haines to "go forward," and we heard nothing more about the matter.

We remained four or five days at Gibraltar, taking in water and fresh provisions, repairing a few damages resulting from the gale I have told

about, and also disposing of a part of our cargo to good advantage. There were no docks where we could lie, and our cargo was unloaded into lighters which came alongside. Two or three times we got into wordy altercations with the lighter men; and if order hadn't been maintained by the captains of the lighters and our own officers, I think we might have indulged in some hand-to-hand fighting. The men on the lighters were mostly English, and as we were all Americans you can readily understand that it would have been quite easy to provoke a fight. After all our arrangements had been completed, I supposed we would sail away at once; but to the surprise of all the crew we continued to lie at our anchorage. The captain didn't choose to tell us why we were delaying; and, of course, we couldn't ask him.

We lay there the next day and the next, and then the reason for our delay became apparent. An English cruiser got up sail and proceeded out of the harbor. When she began operations for leaving port, we followed her example, and left our anchorage not many minutes after she had left hers. As she reached the end of the peninsula she turned to the eastward, and we followed her example. It then became plain to all of us that we were sailing in her company, and she would protect us from any further attack by the Algerines.

England was then at peace with Algiers, having made a truce with the Dey, the real object being to concentrate the attacks of the pirates upon the French, and also to break up American commerce in the Mediterranean. The Dey had ordered his people not to plunder any ship bearing the English flag. I've no doubt it caused them many a pang in their hearts to see a large and apparently valuable ship sailing by, and they forbidden by the orders of their ruler to capture it.

We were headed for Marseilles; and for a considerable part of the way the coast of Spain and of southern France was in sight. We saw two or three corsairs from the Barbary coast. Whenever they were sighted the British war-ship slackened her speed, so that we easily closed in upon her, and were literally under her protection. The maritime force of Algiers at that time consisted of four frigates with an aggregate of one hundred twenty-four guns, one polacca with eighteen guns, one brig of twenty, four xebecs with an aggregate of one hundred sixty-eight guns, three *galliotas* or galiots with four guns each, and sixty gunboats. The vessels were all manned at the rate of twelve men for each gun. Tunis had at the same time twenty-two corsairs, mounting from four to twenty-two guns each. So, you see, those Barbary coast pirates had a large fleet of ships; and,

bear in mind, I've not included the fleets of Morocco and Tripoli, which were equal to about half of the combined force of Algiers and Tunis.

I ought to explain, perhaps, that a polacca is a vessel with three short masts, without tops, caps, or cross-trees to the upper yards. A xebec is a small three-masted vessel used in the Mediterranean; and a galliota is a vessel with one mast, and has from sixteen to twenty seats for rowers. This sort of vessel is very useful for piratical purposes, as it can be propelled at a fair speed by means of oars when the weather is calm, which is impossible with a ship of the ordinary build of England or the United States. As the piratical craft always carry plenty of men they can use the oars to great advantage.

We got to Marseilles without trouble, though our convoy left us when we were just within sight of land. It was fortunate that we did not encounter a French fleet while on the way from Gibraltar to Marseilles, else we might have lost our convoy and been left to take care of ourselves.

Ordinarily, when either the French or the English ships ventured out of port at that time they went in fleets of considerable size, for the double purpose of offense and defense. Several ships together could make themselves reasonably sure of capturing any straggling vessel of the enemy; and in case of at-

tack by an enemy's fleet they might possibly cut some of the ships off singly, even though the enemy's fleet was stronger than their own number. I presume it was in order to avoid drawing an attack from the French that our British convoy turned away at the time he did. Moreover, there was little chance that the Algerine corsairs would venture very near the French coast for fear of capture, and therefore we were fairly safe.

We sold our cargo to good advantage at Marseilles, and very quickly obtained a return one. As soon as we could make ready after our cargo was completed, we hauled out of Marseilles and headed for the Straits of Gibraltar.

CHAPTER X.

ESCORTED BEYOND DANGER. — DAILY WORK ON SHIP-BOARD. — WE SAVE A BOATFULL OF CASTAWAYS. — HOW WE FOUND THEM.

"WE'RE in for it now," said the captain, "and must take our chances. We'll hug the Spanish coast pretty closely, and if they press us hard we may have to take refuge in some of the ports of Spain. It's lucky for us, there's a fairly good number of them, — Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena, Malaga, and several others. We will stop at Gibraltar, and perhaps we may find a British man-of-war sailing out of that port by the time we're ready to start."

Fortunately for us we didn't see a single corsair from the time we passed the Chateau d'If until we sighted the Rock of Gibraltar. Just as we came in sight of the famous rock we saw a vessel coming into the straits which had a piratical look. She steered in our direction; and we steered for safety to the spot where we had formerly anchored. We turned around Europa Point, where the Rock of Gibraltar juts into the Mediterranean, with the

pirate ship not more than half a mile away from us. She had tried her best to cut us off, and would have done so if she had had fifteen minutes more to her advantage. Another vessel was in sight at a distance; and if we had attempted to run out of the straits without stopping at Gibraltar, we should have dropped directly into her jaws. Anyway, between the two of them there was little chance for our escape.

We were not as cordially received this time at Gibraltar as on our first arrival. The enthusiasm over the rescue of the Warwick and her people had somewhat abated; but this is in accordance with human nature generally, and we were not at all surprised at it. Under the circumstances, Captain Dawson decided to give liberty on shore to nobody, and to shorten the stay of the Washington in port as much as possible. He ascertained that an English frigate would sail for London in two or three days, and asked the privilege of following in her wake. The privilege was granted; and he was told to be in readiness for the signal to depart.

Early on the morning of the third day the signal for departure was hoisted on the British man-of-war. We hove anchor at once; and as there was a favoring wind we sailed out of the Bay of Gibraltar, and after passing Europa Point backed our sails, and

waited for the Englishman. He took his own time for starting, and we lay there hove-to for an hour or more. Meantime, our captain had his eye on two vessels away out in the straits that looked very much like Algerines. Their movements indicated that they were "laying for" us. They probably expected, and certainly hoped, that we were going to sail through the straits unaccompanied by any escort, as there was no American war-ship at Gibraltar to give us any attention.

When the Algerine captains saw the English man-of-war coming out and heading for the straits, the Washington following close behind, they knew that their chances for business were decidedly interfered with for that day at least. The Englishman steered straight out into the Atlantic, not turning up the coast in the direction of Cadiz as we feared he might. Whether he did it out of courtesy to us, or merely to give himself a wide offing, I am unable to say; but we were all very glad he did so. The corsairs steered away to the south in the direction of the coast of Morocco; and the last we saw of them they sank beneath the horizon beyond Cape Spartel.

We sailed all day in the company of the British man-of-war, — I think her name was Grampus, but am not sure, — and when sunset came the coast was

almost out of sight in the distance. Two or three merchant ships flying the English flag were in sight, or had been during the day. They were in no danger from the pirates, and of course could sail wherever they liked. At sundown our escort dipped his flag by way of saying farewell, and we dipped ours in return.

We gave some extra dips, like taking off our hats two or three times in succession, in order to thank him for his courtesy; and a great courtesy it was, in view of the strained relations existing at that time between our respective countries. I wondered, as I looked at the graceful figure of the Grampus dancing on the water, whether there were any impressed Americans serving on board of her, and perhaps looking over the rail in our direction, wishing, oh, so earnestly, that they were on board the Washington, under their own dear flag, and sailing for home.

Again and again we thanked our lucky stars that we relieved the crew of the Warwick as we did, and brought her safe to port. Our captain said, or at least Haines declared that he said it, "Charity is one of the noblest acts of which man is capable; and the best charity of all is that which receives a double reward, a high rate of salvage and protection against sea-robbers."

The Grampus and Washington steered on the same course for the greater part of the night; we could see her lights ahead of us, and noted that the distance steadily increased as the hours wore on. She had evidently cracked on all sail after bidding us good-by, having previously kept her canvas somewhat reduced in order to enable us to keep up to her. About four bells in the morning watch she turned to the northward; and at sunrise we had drawn so far apart that her hull had sunk below the horizon. By this time we were out of the area covered by the Algerine corsairs, and had nothing further to fear from them.

We had a favoring wind for several days, and took a straight course for home. Nothing worthy of note occurred for five or six days; and had it not been for a great deal of cleaning up and general overhauling of the ship we might have had an easy time of it. The captain was anxious to have his craft appear in as nice a condition as possible when it entered port and passed under the eyes of the owners. The common notion with landsmen is that when a ship leaves port on a long voyage she is in her finest condition, and comes home very much battered and bruised, and used up generally.

Now, the real fact is that unless she has some accident, or happens to come home in the dead of

winter when it is impossible to do any work, she is in better condition when she reaches home than at any other time. When she sails from port her decks and sides are black and dirty from taking in cargo, her standing rigging is generally slack, there are loose ends hanging everywhere, and, as a sailor would express it, "everything is adrift."

The longer the voyage is the better is the appearance of the ship, provided she has fine weather for the last month or so of it. The best-looking vessels I've ever seen were those that had come round Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope on their return from the other side of the world.

The captain kept us busy setting up and tarring all our standing rigging, setting the masts, ratting down or up the lower and topmast rigging, scraping the ship inside and out, decks, masts, and booms, and pounding the rust off the chains, bolts, and fastenings. The whole ship was gone over, inside and out, during our voyage. The work began the second day out from Gibraltar, and was continued almost all the time until we got back to Boston again.

On the tenth day after passing the straits the watch on deck was busy with the work of touching up the ship. I was aloft, tarring down the standing rigging near the foremast, and my posi-

tion was higher up than that of any other man of the crew. I happened to look off toward the leeward and thought I saw a speck on the water; I looked again and felt sure there was a boat or something of the sort. But it was a speck, and nothing more.

I hesitated a moment as to what I should say or do; I concluded it best to call one of the officers and let him decide. So I shouted, —

"On deck there!"

"Aye, aye, there; what is it?" came to me in the voice of the first mate.

"There's something in sight away to leeward!" I answered. "I don't know what it is."

"Aye, aye," was the reply; "go on with your work."

The captain was in the cabin at the time, and the mate informed him of my report.

Immediately Captain Dawson came on deck with his glass, mounted into the foretop, and asked me where away was my discovery.

I indicated the direction, and he brought his glass to bear upon the object. He must have looked at it for nearly ten minutes, certainly for five; then, without saying a word, he descended to the deck and spoke to Mr. Stevens.

A moment later the mate shouted for all who were aloft to come down; and as soon as we reached the

deck the Washington's course was changed to the direction of the little speck I had seen.

Not a word was said by the captain and mate to any of the crew as to the cause of the change of course. I told Haines and several others what I had seen, and that I thought we were about to take up a boat from a wrecked ship.

In a little while the speck became clearly visible from the deck; and as we approached it, we who had no telescopes could clearly make out that it was a boat with a rude substitute for a sail spread in the bows. We ran free, and overhauled it in a short time; and as we approached it we could see a white cloth waved in the air to assure us that some one was on board.

As we came up to the boat we hove to for it to come alongside. The people on board seemed to have considerable difficulty in maneuvering their craft, and so Mr. Johnson, our second mate, was ordered to lower one of our boats and go to the relief of the stranger. This he did promptly, and very soon the two boats were alongside, fastened to ropes that had been thrown over for their accommodation.

Mr. Johnson sent one of the men from our boat up the side of the ship to the deck, to tell the captain that the people in the strange boat were so exhausted that they would be unable to climb the rope safely,

and he advised that a sling should be rigged in order to get them on board.

Immediately on learning this Captain Dawson ordered a sling to be rigged from the end of the mainyard. In ten or fifteen minutes the sling was ready, and meantime some bread and hot coffee had been lowered for the use of the unfortunate strangers. There were eight of them in the boat altogether, and as I looked over the side I could see that there were two women and a girl in the party. One of the women was middle aged, and the other young, perhaps sixteen or thereabouts. These two and the girl, who appeared to be six or seven years old, clung closely together, and I judged that the elder of the trio was the mother of the other two. Close by them was a soldierly, dignified man who seemed to be consoling and cheering them, and I concluded that he was the husband of the elder woman, and the father of the two others.

When the sling was ready the strangers were speedily hoisted on deck. The sling was made of a piece of stout canvas sewn into the shape of a chair, and with its sides held into position by means of part of a hoop from an old water-cask.

The edge of the canvas was turned over so as to make it double, and in this doubled edge three holes were pierced to receive the ends of a half-inch rope.

The three small ropes were joined together about four feet above the sling and fastened to a three-quarter-inch rope that passed through a tackle at the end of the mainsail-yard. By means of this rope and tackle the chair, or sling, could be raised and lowered at will.

It was lowered into the boat and the middle-aged woman was placed in it. She hesitated at first at trusting herself to be hoisted into the air; but the man I took to be her husband urged her, and after a little demur she sat down as directed. Mr. Johnson had stepped into the boat to see that the sling was properly managed, and before the order was given to hoist away he passed a rope around the sling and its passenger, so that in case she became frightened and lost control of herself she would not be likely to fall out.

When all was ready the word was given and the men on the deck of the Washington hauled away with a will. When the sling was well above the level of our rail it was drawn in on deck by means of a line that had been fastened to it independent of the hoisting-line. As it was drawn in the sailors who had hoisted it eased away on the rope, and in less time than it takes me to tell it the fair passenger stood on the deck of our ship.

Captain Dawson approached the lady, raised his hat, and said,—

"Madam, please walk into my cabin and make your-

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"This is Jack Crane," said Captain Dawson. Page 159.

self at home. Your friends will join you immediately as they are brought on board."

The lady, for she was a real lady, thanked Captain Dawson for his politeness, and accepted his invitation. He accompanied her to the door of his cabin, again raised his hat to her, and returned to his place on deck near the mainmast.

A minute or so after he came back the other woman was safely hoisted on deck. Captain Dawson repeated in almost the same words the invitation to go to his cabin. The young woman thanked him, and said, —

"If you please, sir, I'll stay here until my sister comes. She will be next, I believe, so your officer said, and we two will go together."

The captain bowed, saying, "Just as you please; the cabin is at your service at any moment, and the lady who first came on board is now there."

Very speedily the little girl reached the Washington's deck, and immediately seized her sister by the hand.

"What a nice way of getting on board that is!" said the younger one; "seemed to me as though I was a bird and flying through the air; but I wouldn't like to go far that way."

"No," replied the other; "neither would I. It's very kind of the people on this ship to take so much trouble on our account."

"Pardon me, but it is always a sailor's duty to aid those in distress," said Captain Dawson, who was standing so near that he could not help overhearing all that was said by the two sisters. "And what greater distress can there be than yours as we found you on the open ocean? Come, please, now you are together, and go to my cabin."

Without waiting for a reply he led the way to the entrance of the cabin followed by the young woman and girl. Then he bowed himself away as he had done in the previous instance.

The next to come on board was the man whom I took for the head of the family whose other members we had already received. My surmise was correct; he announced himself as Captain Graham of His Majesty's army, and explained that he was on his way from London to Bermuda on the ship Evelyn, Captain Woods, accompanied by his family. They were the only passengers on the ship, and, as circumstances had turned out, he was very glad that such was the case. Captain Dawson asked him if he would join his family in the cabin or remain on deck. He paused a moment, and then said he thought he would see his wife and daughters, as they might possibly need his assistance in some way.

"All right," said Captain Dawson; "I'll go with you, and show you the cabin and the accommodations

that it will be possible to give you. We are not fitted up for carrying passengers," he explained, "but we will manage in some way to dispose of you."

The British officer thanked his host for his courtesy, and together they proceeded to the cabin. Captain Graham entered first, and was speedily followed by Captain Dawson, who lingered at the entrance a moment to give some directions to Mr. Stevens.

The other occupants of the strange boat that we had picked up were the captain, the second mate, and three of the crew. They were quickly landed on our deck, and as their boat was in good condition and we had room for it, it was hoisted in and saved. Then the Washington filled away on her course, and left behind her the scene of the rescue of the people from the Evelyn.

Meantime, in the cabin of the Washington, Captain Dawson did everything he could to make his guests comfortable. They were weak and worn with their sufferings in the open boat, and it was with difficulty that the women and girl were able to stand. The man was more robust than they, but even he had lost a great deal of his customary strength. Fortunately for the new arrivals there were two vacant rooms in the cabin of the Washington, and one of them was large enough to accommodate three per-

sons. The larger of these rooms was given up to Mrs. Graham and her two daughters; Captain Graham was lodged in the other of the vacant rooms, where he was shortly after joined by the captain of the Evelyn. Everything about the room was placed at the disposal of the strangers, who thanked Captain Dawson with the greatest heartiness for the kindness he was showing them.

"I am sorry I can do so little for your comfort," he replied, addressing his remark to Mrs. Graham, "as I haven't any women's clothing on board, — at least, I don't know of any. I'll turn out the contents of the slop-chest, and you can pick out whatever you like. If you can find anything that will answer your purpose, why just take it and use it."

The slop-chest was in a store-room off the cabin, and was in charge of Mr. Stevens. He was sent for to open the chest and spread out the contents upon the cabin table. When this was done both Captain Dawson and Mr. Stevens left the cabin in order to give the strangers an opportunity to select what they liked without being embarrassed by their presence.

Captain Woods of the Evelyn was temporarily consigned to the forecastle, where he arrayed himself in dry clothing which Mr. Johnson furnished him. As soon as possible a good meal of scouse, bread, and

coffee was supplied to the rescued people, to which Captain Dawson added some sherry and brandy for those in the cabin, and some West India rum for the others. It is needless to say that the party sat down to their meal with excellent appetites, and ate their food with a good relish. Our captain apologized for the meagerness of the fare, but was told in reply, that the banquet was fit for a king, and no apologies were necessary.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW THE EVELYN WAS LOST. — I AM TRANSFERRED FROM FORECASTLE TO CABIN. — OUR PASSENGERS. — ARRIVAL AT BOSTON.

LITTLE was seen of the British officer and his family during that day, and that little was when Captain Dawson or either of our mates had occasion to visit the cabin. The feminine contingent located there kept to their room nearly all the time, while Captain Graham went to bed and slept soundly after his exhausting experience. The captain of the Evelyn also retired to sleep, and so did the second mate and sailors, who were assigned to quarters in the forecastle.

Of course everybody on the Washington did his best to relieve the sufferings of the castaways and make them comfortable. The three sailors were rigged out in spare garments contributed by the Washington's crew; but a day or two later Captain Dawson supplied them with garments from the slop-chest, and enabled them to return the borrowed clothing. We didn't learn very much about their

mishap until the next day, when they had sufficiently recovered their strength to be able to talk. Each of them told the story of their misfortune in a way differing somewhat from that of his shipmates, but substantially, and in all essential particulars, the account was the same. Here it is: —

As before stated, the Evelyn was on a voyage from London to Bermuda. They had a favoring wind down the channel, and were well out beyond Land's End and the Scilly Isles, when they encountered for two or three days some strong head winds. Then the weather became fine again, and the ship continued on her course towards her destination for a week or more. After this they had another series of gales, more severe than the first. The ship labored heavily in the water; she was a dull sailer, and one of the crew said she was the "bloomin'est old tub" that he was ever in.

As the gale abated it was found that the ship was leaking; but the leak didn't seem to be a very bad one, though it required two men to be constantly working at the pumps. On the second day after the leak began it was found to be somewhat increased. Then all hands were called to the pumps, and the ship was put before the wind, so that both pumps could be kept going. At the time all hands were called the mate went into the hold and found about

two feet of water there; ten or twelve hours later he again visited the hold and found three feet of water.

In spite of the working of both pumps all the time, night and day, the water increased; and on the morning of the third day of the leak, the ship had settled so much into the water that the sea occasionally made a complete breach over her.

"Then Captain Woods ordered the stanchions and bulwarks cut away," said one of the men, "between the fore and main rigging, to let the water run off the decks, and to make it easier for launching the boats. Food and water were prepared to be placed in the boats, and a lookout was stationed aloft to see if any sail was in sight.

"There was no ship to be seen," he continued, "and then the captain gave orders to get out the boats. The long boat was got out first; but as she was being lowered to the side a sea broke over, and half filled her with water. Four men jumped into the boat and bailed her out just as quick as they could. Then a quantity of food and water was placed in her, and she was trailed back at the stern of the ship. A warp was passed over the larboard bow of the ship, outside of the forerigging and into the gangway to the boat, leaving sufficient slack to allow her to go astern. Just as she was abreast

of the stern a sea struck her, and stove in two planks of the larboard bilge.

"It seemed as though we were doomed," said the man from the Evelyn; "but the captain cheered us and ordered some blankets thrown into the boat to stop the leak. The blankets were thrust over the hole, and one of the men stood on them to keep them in. Then the first mate, with eight more of the crew, got into the boat. The mate nailed a plank over the leak, so that with the help of the blankets it was pretty well stopped.

The boat had now drifted to the weather quarter of the Evelyn, and it was hauled up towards the ship with the intention of taking the passengers aboard; but just as they were about to do so another sea struck the boat, and when it receded from the ship the sudden jerk broke the rope and let the boat go adrift.

The crew attempted to pull it to the ship, but owing to the quantity of water in her they could not succeed. Then they left off pulling and began to bale the boat out. She drifted farther and farther away, and we very soon saw there was no hope of our getting to her.

"There were then eight of us left on board, — the eight that you have rescued. We had made preparations for lowering the quarter-boat, and now that

the long boat was gone we went at work as fast as we could. Owing to the pumps having been stopped, the ship was settling deeper into the water every minute, and threatening to go out from under us before long. We put some food and water on board, and a few articles of clothing for the women; and then we were lucky enough to get the boat afloat without accident, though she took in several barrels of water before we were able to get clear from the ship. It was understood that we were to stay in our places just as we got into them from the ship. Captain Woods took one of his compasses, and enough of his instruments to work out our position; but the instruments were of very little use to us at the start, as it made no difference to us where our position was when we were hundreds of miles from land in every direction.

"Captain Woods is a hard master, and he keeps regular man-of-war discipline on his ship. We have often thought him a very severe man, but his severity came in handy when we were cast away in the boat.

"We had four oars, and there was a mast and a place to ship it, but there was no sail; we made a sail out of a piece of canvas and got along very well. Our nearest land was the Bermuda Islands, and so we steered in that direction, after seeing the ship go down, which she did within an hour after we took

to the boat. She plunged headforemost, throwing her stern completely into the air; I suppose that's because the heaviest part of her cargo was forward.

"The captain served out the provisions and water very sparingly, and we grumbled a little at the way he treated us, but you may be sure we didn't grumble out aloud, or we might have been pitched overboard. It was about two in the afternoon when we saw the ship go down. The captain said it was no use wasting our strength rowing, and so we simply lay there on the water until we could rig the sail I told you about. That sail was useful to us in more ways than one, for every time there came a shower we spread it out and got all the water we could. As it turned out, we had water and provisions enough for our purpose in the way the captain served them out; but I'm afraid we would have run very short if we had been obliged to go to the Bermudas in that open boat.

"The second day we were on the water we saw a sail, just a speck off on the southern horizon. We hoisted a signal of distress by putting the British colors on our mast with the Union down, and we took to the oars and rowed as hard as we could to get near the vessel's track. But we were too far off to be seen by the naked eye, and even if her lookout had had a strong telescope it wouldn't have

been easy for him to find us. It was terrible for us to see that ship go on and sail away out of sight, and I thought Mrs. Graham would go crazy then and there. She cried and laughed, and laughed and cried, and went into hysterics, when she found there was no hope of rescue by that ship. Her husband tried tc cheer her by saying that we would quite likely sight another ship in a day or two, but it was very hard for him to comfort her. The girls bore up the bravest of all, and I can't help admiring them. They were a good deal frightened at first, when they got into the boat and saw the Evelyn go down into the Atlantic, but they became quite cheery afterwards, and did a good deal to bring their mother back to her senses.

"All the next day and the next, we watched for a sail, but saw nothing. We had sunshine and showers, and showers and sunshine, at irregular intervals. When the sun shone it was very hot on the waters; when the showers fell we were all thoroughly drenched; but the showers were welcome always, as we were able to collect water every time.

"It was the morning of the fifth day after the Evelyn foundered when we saw the sails of the Washington; and what cheered us was that she was sailing in a direction which would bring her within seeing distance of us. We put up our sail and fastened our flag

to it with the union down; and then we watched and waited. As the Washington got off pretty nearly abreast of us, we were afraid you hadn't seen us; and I tell you it was an anxious time aboard that boat. When we saw your yards braced about, and the ship steering down on us, our hearts jumped up into our throats, and we cheered just as hard as our voices would let us. We knew then that we were safe; and the rest of the story you know all about."

I said that the Washington continued on her course as soon as the castaways had been taken on board and the boats hauled in; she kept that course for less than an hour, and for this reason: —

When Captain Dawson heard from the master of the Evelyn the history of the disaster, he suggested that he would go in search of the long boat and its occupants. Captain Woods said that the mate would undoubtedly do as he had himself done, provided he could keep the boat afloat; that is, he would steer for the Bermudas. The Washington's course was changed so as to sail over the route traversed by the Evelyn's boat. Her captain thought he had come not far from forty miles a day since the catastrophe, and, consequently, they were about two hundred miles from where the Evelyn went down. We sailed for that distance and more, too, lying-to in the night with bright lights burning, and then sailed back again to where we had picked up the boat.

No trace could be found of the long boat, nor, in fact, did we see any sign of the lost Evelyn. If any of the rubbish that usually encumbers the deck of a merchant ship was floating on the water we did not pass near enough to discover it. It was doubtless the case that the long boat sank within a day or two after her separation from the quarter-boat. It's a good lot of years since that thing happened, and I've never heard of her crew being picked up by any other ship, or of her arrival at the Bermudas or any other place.

With a captain of his Majesty's army and his family on board the Washington, Captain Dawson thought it was proper to have somebody to wait upon them. His choice fell upon me; and I was taken from my duty in the starboard watch and installed as cabin-boy. This is the way it came about.

Mr. Stevens was talking with the captain in a low tone on the quarter-deck, and called out to one of the sailors, —

"Tell Jack Crane to lay aft!"

I went aft, wondering what I had done to be called there, and what my punishment would be for the offense which I could only imagine. When I reached the place where they were standing, the captain said, —

"Jack, Mr. Stevens says you're a handy lad, and I'm going to promote you. You are relieved from duty in your watch, and will be cabin-boy the rest of the voyage."

I did not feel like thanking him at all, for I preferred to be forward, as I had been; but I was obliged to say something, and so I replied, "Thank you, sir."

"All right," said the captain, "come into the cabin, and I'll tell you what you're to do."

I followed him in to the cabin, — they call it a saloon on grand ships, — where Captain Graham and his family were seated. I presume he'd given them warning, as they were grouped around the table like members of a royal court when the king is expected to walk in.

"This is Jack Crane," said Captain Dawson; "and he's going to be cabin-boy the rest of the voyage. I don't believe he knows much about waiting on gentlemen and ladies, but he's a handy boy around the ship, and it won't take him long to learn."

Again I didn't know exactly what to say, and I think my embarrassment must have shown on my face. Captain Graham helped me out by saying, —

"He's a fine-looking youth; and I'm sure that anybody who sails with Captain Dawson can do anything that is wanted. That's what we say in England of all you people on the other side of the At-

lantic," he continued, looking at me all the while; "and I think this lad will give a good account of himself."

"I'll try, sir," said I. "I don't know what is expected of me, and if I make any blunders I want to be told of 'em at once."

"Spoken like a man," said Captain Graham; "I'm sure we'll get along well together."

This was my introduction to my duty as cabin-boy; and it is proper to say that I didn't have much difficulty in learning my duties. Captain Graham was a gentleman all over, and his wife was a lady if there ever was one. They had brought up their children to know their duties to their parents and to others; and I'll say this for 'em, that I never saw a better mannered pair of their ages than they were. They always treated me civilly, and had a pleasant "good-morning" for me when they saw me for the first time during the day.

It was the same with Captain Graham and his wife. I know the captain was a perfect gentleman because it was so easy to satisfy him. He never gave me an order or sent me for anything unless it was really necessary; and I can say the same of his wife. I know I must have been awkward at times, but he never complained of my awkwardness; and if there was anything I didn't know, and it became neces-

sary to tell me, he gave the instructions in the kindest manner imaginable. I had a very pleasant term of service in the cabin; and when we got to Boston every one of the family thanked me for my attentions to them, and bade me a real hearty good-by. We never expected to see each other again, but Fortune is a funny jade; and later on in this book I'll tell you something about the circumstances of our next seeing each other.

As soon as they recovered their strength, Mrs. Graham and her elder daughter set about providing themselves with garments out of the slop-chest. By great good luck, there was in the bottom of the slop-chest a roll of blue cloth, of the same kind and quality as that of which the sailors' jackets and trousers were made. With a little alteration some of the ready-made jackets fitted the women very well, and were not at all bad in appearance. From the roll of cloth they made the lower half of their dresses.

Candor compels me to say that the fitting was not quite equal to that of a fashionable dressmaker, but for an impromptu affair made on shipboard it was entirely satisfactory. I hardly had a glimpse of the women and the girl until the dresses were complete; then they came out into the cabin and were quite sociable with everybody. By keeping my ears open

I quickly ascertained that the eldest daughter's name was Violet, and the second one, Mary. Both were very refined in their manners, and they could hardly help being so in view of the excellent example which they received from their parents.

In the latter part of the voyage I had frequent conversations with Miss Violet, who had a good many questions to ask about the United States, and the way the people lived there. She asked about the cities, and I was obliged to say that I knew nothing about them. I told her I had been in only one large city, Boston, and remained there only a very short time.

"I suppose," said Miss Violet, "that you came directly from the country to go on board the Washington, did you not?"

"Yes, miss," I answered; "my friend David and I walked from our homes in New Hampshire to Boston; and the very morning we arrived there we signed the ship's articles and went on board the Washington."

"Then you don't know what a great city is. I hope sometime you will be able to see London and go all over it. You will have to stay some time to do it," she added with a laugh, "as London is the greatest city in the world."

I replied that I believed it was, and probably my sailor's life would take me there some time.

She was very much interested in the account I gave her of country life in New Hampshire, — of the deep snows in winter; the distance between houses; the long distance we had to go to church on Sunday; and the schools we attended in winter. I told her all about our farm-life, — how we worked in the fields in planting-time, haying-season, and harvest, and what we had on our tables for our meals at different seasons of the year. Every time I had a conversation with her, her younger sister listened for a while with almost as much interest as Miss Violet did, but after a time she grew listless and turned away. When she did so I usually thought I had talked quite enough, and so I changed or dropped the subject, and then proceeded about my duties.

I had been relieved from standing watch, as the reader knows, but I slept in the forecastle just as I had before being appointed cabin-boy. My companions joked me a good deal about my new associations, and said they expected I wouldn't condescend to look at them any more. It was amusing enough at first; but after a time it grew wearisome, and I intimated as much to Haines.

Thereupon Haines passed the word that the sport at my expense might as well come to an end. Most of the watch acted upon his suggestion and gave me no more annoyance. Others kept it up for a while,

until they received a more vigorous reminder, and one of them persisted in it until he had a little game of fisticuffs with Haines. The row was all over in a few minutes, as all the rest of the crew took Haines's part. At the suggestion of one of them the combatants shook hands and forgave each other, and from this time on I was no longer the subject of ridicule.

We had no further adventure worth recording during the rest of our voyage, and in due time made the coast of Massachusetts off Nantucket, and then steered so as to pass safely around Cape Cod and into Boston Harbor. As we entered the bay the wind was from the north-west and quite unsteady. We had hoped to get to the Washington's dock before night, but on account of the wind we anchored in the lower bay and did not go up until the following morning.

CHAPTER XII.

A VOYAGE TO CHINA. — CROSSING THE LINE. — MALAY PIRATES. — WHAMPOA ANCHORAGE. — MORE TROUBLES WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

THE castaways whom we took on board from the Evelyn were in a destitute condition; at least the sailors were, and so was the second mate. Captain Graham had saved a bag of gold and some Bank of England notes, and the same was the case with Captain Woods, and so they were by no means crippled for the want of money. The three sailors were not at all sorry at the opportunity they had for coming to the United States without being under obligations to go away again when their ship sailed. Before three days were over they had signed articles on board an American ship and were off to sea again, this time under the flag of the United States.

The Washington was warped into her berth and made fast. Word was sent to the office of the owners, notifying them that the ship's voyage to the Mediterranean and back was ended. Of course, all were anxious to go on shore; and after the sails had

been furled, and all necessary work performed, liberty was granted to everybody. In half an hour from the time we were tied up at the dock, the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, had all gone ashore, and there was no one on board except the shipkeeper, who had been sent from the owners' office to take charge of the newly arrived craft.

Word had been passed around that everybody would be paid off at the owners' office on the following morning; and you may be sure that officers and crew were on hand to receive their pay. Several of the sailors came back to the ship at night to sleep, as they had no money wherewith to pay for their lodging on shore. When they obtained their pay on the following morning, the majority of the men started out to enjoy it; and it is safe to say that within a week their pockets were empty, and they were compelled to ship for another voyage.

I kept a small portion of my money and sent the rest to my parents, to whom I wrote a description of a sailor's life as I had found it. The fact is, I began that letter soon after we passed the Straits of Gibraltar on our homeward voyage. I was only able to write a few lines on the first day, but I kept adding to it whenever I had an opportunity; so that by the time I reached Boston the letter covered several pages of foolscap. David had been doing the same thing, and our letters went away together.

We found some letters awaiting us at the owners' office, one of them of quite recent date. Everybody in both the families was well; and in every letter they told us how much we were missed. We were half inclined to make a visit to Pembroke, but finally concluded not to do so, as the journey would be expensive for us in case we traveled by stage-coach, and fatiguing if we made it on foot. We decided to remain in Boston and look out for berths on the first good ship that was leaving port. We thought it quite possible that we might sail on the Washington; but after calling two or three times at the ship, and also at her owners' office, we concluded that she would be delayed too long in port to suit us.

The third day after our arrival, we heard of a fine new ship, the "Aurora," which was up for China. Her cargo was nearly all on board, and she would sail in a few days. We went on board of her; and then we went to her agents and found that what we had heard was true. Bill Haines and Joe Herne accompanied us, or rather we accompanied them, as it was Haines who first heard of the Aurora, and advised our visiting her. The four of us had stuck together, going to the same boarding-house to live, and going about together on sight-seeing excursions.

The result of our investigation was that we signed articles for the Aurora; and when she sailed out of

Boston on her way to China we trod her deck with a good deal of satisfaction. None of us cared to go to the Mediterranean again and run the risk of becoming an Algerine slave; and, furthermore, we thought it was a good chance to see the world by taking the course we did.

At that time not many American ships had visited China, the trade of the United States being principally with the West Indies, the west coast of Africa, the Mediterranean Sea, and the ports of Great Britain and Europe. The United States had about one and a quarter million tons of commercial shipping, and it was evident that in the course of time a voyage to China would be almost as common as a trip to any of the West Indian ports.

Our voyage to China was not very eventful; we had no severe gales at all on the way out, though we had several heavy blows which might have troubled a landsman if he had been caught in one of them a day or two after going to sea for the first time. When we reached the region of the equator we were caught in the calm belt, which is well known to sailors, and had an exasperating delay under the rays of a tropical sun that beat down pitilessly upon us, while we lay with sails hanging loose from the yards, and with scarcely a sign of motion anywhere. When we crossed the equator, the greenhorns (all those who

had never before been in the southern hemisphere) were treated to a visit by Neptune. This is an invariable custom on shipboard, and sometimes the victims are severely handled.

In our case the morning after we crossed the line all the greenhorns were locked up in the forecastle and not allowed to come on deck until the preparations were complete. One of the older sailors was dressed to resemble Neptune, with beard and hair made of rope-yarn, and carrying in his right hand a trident with a small fish impaled on one of its prongs. He slipped quietly over the bows, then hailed the ship, and came on board. After a short parley with the captain, he said he wished to see those who had recently entered his service.

Neptune was attended by two Tritons, who were dressed in much the same grotesque fashion that he was. When he asked for his new servants, one of the greenhorns was let out from the forecastle and taken in hand by the Tritons. It was my fortune or misfortune to be the first victim. I was blindfolded and led before Neptune, who questioned me in a loud and imperious tone as to my name and birthplace. Then he asked if I'd been to school, and whether I'd learned anything.

I began to think I was going to get off easily; but my belief proved to be ill founded. After the question concerning my education Neptune asked, —

"Do you intend to be a faithful servant of my realm?"

When I opened my mouth to reply, a paint-brush, which had been dipped in the water from the trough under the grindstone, was shoved into my mouth, and then the same brush, with more of the unsavory liquid, was passed back and forth upon my face after the manner of a lathering-brush.

Neptune then ordered me to be shaved; and the shaving was to be performed with a piece of iron hoop, in which notches like the teeth of a saw had been filed. I received several scratches on my face; and while I was wincing under them a bucket of water was thrown over me, and the bandage which covered my eyes was removed. I was then let loose, and permitted to see the remainder of the fun.

One by one all the greenhorns were brought up and went through substantially the same ordeal. Some were handled much more severely than others. David was let off about the same as I was; and we found when the show was over that we had been treated more leniently than any one else. We wondered why this was the case until we learned that the Tritons who attended Neptune were none other than our friends, Bill Haines and Joe Herne.

If there had been passengers on board who had never crossed the line before they would have been

subjected to the same treatment, unless they had paid a fine of two or three dollars each, which they generally pay without hesitation. The money thus obtained is spent in luxuries for the crew, either at the time or at the ship's port of destination. On English passenger ships, going from England out to India around the Cape of Good Hope, I am told that the sailors reap quite a harvest out of this ceremony of "Crossing the Line."

We rounded the Cape of Good Hope in fine style, the wind being in our favor and carrying us rapidly along. The captain had held well to the southward, so that we barely caught a glimpse of the shores of Africa. We could see the outline of the mountains that form the southern end of that continent, but nothing more than the outline.

The day after we passed the Cape of Good Hope I had the watch aloft in the forenoon. Just as it struck eight bells I gave a last look around the horizon before descending to the deck, when my eye caught a speck on the water very nearly abeam of us. It was altogether too far away to be made out, and I hesitated whether to report it or not. Something impelled me to do so, and I hailed the deck and told what I had seen. The captain and first officer were just making their noon observations, and the second mate came aloft to see what I had dis-

covered. He brought the captain's glass, and after a careful scrutiny he said that the object was evidently a boat, but he could not determine if there was any one in it.

"We'll settle that very soon," said the captain when the mate had made his report. "Brace the yards around, and run for the boat or whatever else it is."

The order was obeyed; and in a little while we hove-to within a hundred yards of the object I had sighted, and which proved to be a boat. Here we lowered the gig with the mate and a crew, and just as it struck the water we saw two heads rising above the gunwale of the strange craft. Then two more appeared; and it was evident that we had rescued four castaways by my discovery. The boat and its inmates were soon at the side of the Aurora, the men were brought on deck, the boat was hoisted in and secured, and our ship filled away on her course.

They were part of the crew of an American ship from Boston to Calcutta. She had foundered two days before, and the crew had taken to the boats with the intention of making Cape Town; and we afterwards learned that the other boats were picked up near that port. Judge of my surprise and satisfaction when I found that one of the men we rescued was the son of Samuel Bickford, the man at whose

house David and I were entertained on our first night away from home, as told in the second chapter of this narrative. Certainly I had repaid his hospitality which I had never forgotten. In fact, I was thinking about it not more than five minutes before I saw the speck on the water.

When we reached the Straits of Sunda it was whispered around that we might have an affair with the pirates that infest this region. The captain had all the guns carefully overhauled and made ready for work; and for a week or more the crew of each gun had been trained so as to know what to do. We carried the same armament as did the Washington, about which I have already told the reader. The arm-chest was brought up, and the guns and pistols which it contained were cleaned and prepared for service; and the men who claimed to be most efficient with these weapons were detailed to handle them in case their use became necessary. In fact, we got ourselves all ready to meet the pirates, and some of the younger sailors were rather disappointed when we passed safely into the China Sea without encountering any of them.

These Malay pirates are a great pest and annoyance to mariners; and I wonder that the civilized nations do not band together and wipe them out of existence. But I've already wondered why they

don't do the same thing with the Algerine pirates; and I suppose I may keep on wondering about these things for the rest of my life.

In one respect the Malays are worse than the Algerines. When the Malays capture a ship they kill everybody on board, sparing neither age nor sex; while the Algerines rarely kill anybody, except in actual fighting, reserving their prisoners to sell them into slavery. Whether this mercy is due solely to their cupidity or for other reasons I am unable to say.

I said we did not encounter any Malay pirates; but we should have done so, had it not been for a wind that came up one afternoon. We were becalmed in a channel, about six miles wide, between two islands. It was a dead calm, and the only motion there was on the ship was given to her by the current that carried us along perhaps half a mile per hour. While we lay there we saw a long boat, full of men, pulling along the coast of one of the islands, and disappearing among the trees that fringe the shore.

Presently we saw the same boat, with two others of similar size and appearance, coming out from among the trees and steering in our direction. There seemed to be about forty men in each boat, twenty of them rowing or paddling, and another twenty standing or sitting idle.

The captain ordered everything to be made ready to give them a warm reception. The two guns on our starboard side were loaded with canister shot, and made ready for business. The long gun amidships was loaded in the same way; and it was the captain's intention to give the fellows all three of those guns in succession, as soon as they got within easy range. The small arms were brought up and distributed, and the men who held them were stationed near the ship's bow to resist the Malays in case they came near enough to board the Aurora. These Malay pirates always board a ship over the bows. They're as active as monkeys, and go nearly naked; and sometimes they grease their bodies all over, so that it's difficult to hold them if you attempt to capture them.

I felt my heart beat fast as I saw these scoundrels coming towards us, as the word had been passed around that all our lives would be taken in case of the capture of the ship. I think the boats were about half way from the land to the ship when I noticed a ripple on the water astern of us, and at the same instant heard the captain give an order to brace around the yards.

The breeze came on very quickly; it filled our sails; we heard the rippling of the water under our bows; and as our motion through the water became

perceptible we saw that our unwelcome visitors had stopped rowing. They saw that we were in motion, and pursuit was of no further use.

When we were within about two hundred miles of Canton we were caught in the outer edge of a hurricane; but so completely were we on the edge of it that it neither alarmed nor damaged us. We reached Whampoa Anchorage, at the mouth of Pearl River, the stream on which Canton stands, without accident of any sort. Here we discharged our cargo, and took in one for home. It consisted principally of tea and silks; a great deal of the former, and not much of the latter. I wanted very much to go up the river and see Canton, but all requests for liberty on shore were denied, at least, so far as Canton was concerned. The larboard watch had half a day in the foreign quarter of Whampoa, and the starboard watch had the same allowance, but, of course, not at the same time. From what I saw of the Chinese during my single visit to land I did not think they would be an agreeable people to live among. Perhaps they are better at Canton; but of course I cannot say anything upon this point from actual knowledge.

In due time our cargo was completed, and the hatches were closed and battened down; then we laid in our supply of water and such provisions as we needed, and the very day that all was ready we had

fine wind down the bay and out into the China Sea. Everything favored us on the way home, and in due time we sailed into Boston Harbor; and my voyage to China came to an end.

My next voyage was to the West Indies; in fact, I made several voyages there, and should have made more of them had it not been for the difficulties which arose between France and England on the one hand, and the United States on the other.

On one occasion the brig on which I was serving was seized by the British authorities in a West Indian port, and the cargo was confiscated for a technical violation of the laws. The confiscation of the ship, as well as the cargo, was threatened; but we succeeded in saving her, and obtaining permission to leave port. On our way home we were chased, and narrowly escaped capture, by a French ship-of-war. We were at peace with France at that time, and also with England; but England and France were at war, and they made it very annoying and risky business for neutrals to trade with either of them. In November, 1806, Napoleon issued from his camp in the capital of Prussia the famous manifesto which is called the Berlin Decree. It declared the ports of the whole of the British dominions in a state of blockade, prohibited all correspondence and commerce with the British Islands, ordered that all

letters or packets written in England or to an Englishman in the English language should be seized at French post-offices, and proclaimed that all neutral vessels trading with England should be liable to seizure and confiscation. As a retaliation for this, Great Britain issued an "Order in Council," which declared that the whole coast of Europe, from the Elbe in Germany to Brest in France, was in a state of blockade, and making orders in regard to neutrals similar to those enacted by the Berlin Decree. Of course these two orders affected American commerce very seriously, as it virtually cut off our trade with the two countries with which nearly all our commerce was concerned.

In December, 1807, Napoleon issued another decree at Milan, which was more rigorous, indeed, than that issued from Berlin. It declared every vessel which should submit to being searched by the British cruisers, or should pay any tax, duty, or license money to the British government, or should be found on the high seas or elsewhere, bound to or from any British port, denationalized and forfeited. Spain and Holland issued the same orders; and the effect of these various decrees was to cripple American commerce, and leave its ships rotting in the harbors where they lay. When the decrees and orders were issued they took effect immediately; all vessels then

in French ports were confiscated, and their owners were unable to obtain any redress for their loss.

When the news of these decrees and orders in council reached the United States, President Jefferson called Congress together earlier than usual, and sent a message to inform the members of what had occurred, and recommending the passage of an embargo act, "an inhibition of the departure of our vessels from the ports of the United States." The Senate passed the act laying an embargo on all shipping, foreign and domestic, in the ports of the United States, with specified exceptions, and ordering all vessels abroad to return home forthwith. The House passed the bill; and it was signed by the President, and became a law. It was an attempt to compel England and France to respect our rights by withholding all intercourse with them.

Looking back at it, I think it accomplished nothing, or a good deal worse than nothing. About fourteen months after its passage it was repealed; but at the same time Congress passed a law forbidding all commercial intercourse with France and England until the decrees and the orders in council had been set aside.

David and I had been getting on very well in our sea-faring lives down to this time. As long as we were sailors before the mast we kept together; but

when the time for promotion came we were drawn apart. I had risen to the rank of second mate, and so had David; but we found ourselves without occupation for a considerable part of the time. We were also separated from our friends, Bill Haines and Joe Herne, and only met at rare intervals.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAVID AND I VISIT OUR OLD HOME. — RETURN TO BOSTON, AND MEET BILL AND JOE. — BILL'S ADVENTURE ON THE CHESAPEAKE. — AN "UNLUCKY" SHIP.

ALONG in the spring of 1808, David and I arrived in Boston; he from a voyage to Sweden, and I from one to China. The owners of our ships announced that they would be laid up for the present, and as soon as anything could be found for us to do they would give us employment. So we determined in our period of idleness to visit our old home. We had been prosperous, and saved a fair amount of money, most of which we had sent to our parents.

Having reached the office of second mate on first-class ships, we thought it beneath our dignity to walk all the way to Pembroke; and so we took passage in a wagon that had recently come to Boston from Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, with a load of butter, cheese, and other things produced in the country. The wagoner was taking back a

light load of goods, the proceeds of the sale of the articles I mentioned, and had plenty of room for two passengers. We could have gone by stage-coach, and saved several hours in time; but the difference between the stage fare and that of the wagon was enough to make us decide upon the slower mode of conveyance.

We received a hearty welcome from all our friends. I am glad to say we found everybody well; and those whom we had left as boys and girls were mostly grown to be men and women. My parents told how they had missed me greatly, and longed to see me back again. My mother was so surprised when I walked unannounced into the house that she came near fainting. Tears came into my father's eyes, and he greeted me with a choking voice; but very quickly the voice cleared up, and he said he felt like capering about the room. Everybody complimented us on our healthy appearance, our bronzed faces, and our well-developed figures, which had been hardened and toughened by our sea-faring life. We were the heroes of the time and place, and were kept busy narrating our adventures to all our old friends.

We remained at home about two weeks, and then, fearful lest we might miss a good opportunity of going to sea again, we returned to Boston in the same way

as we had come from that city, and with the same wagoner. We went straight to our former boarding-house, and as we approached saw, just outside the door, the familiar forms and faces of our old friends, Bill and Joe. There was a hearty greeting all around; and you may be sure that the evening and the next day were spent in telling the adventures which each had passed through since we were last together.

The most interesting of all the stories was that of my old friend, Bill Haines, which I will endeavor to give as nearly as possible in his own words.

"You remember that affair of the Chesapeake, don't you?" said Haines.

"Of course I do," I replied; "and pretty nearly everybody in the country knows about it."

"Well, I was in that little brush," said Haines, "and I can probably tell you a good deal more than you know about it.

"I went down the coast from New York to the Potomac River along in the early part of February, 1807. When we got to Washington the crew of the coaster was paid off and discharged; the captain said he was going to lie up there, he didn't know for how long. I went to looking around for something, but there wasn't a craft I could ship on, leastways, not a merchant craft. I heard that the Chesapeake, thirty-eight guns, which was then lying at Washington, was

going to be sent out to the Mediterranean to fight the Barbary coast pirates, and sure enough, she was put into commission on the 22d day of February.

Captain Gordon was put in command of the ship, and Commodore Barron was selected to hoist a broad pennant in her as commander of the squadron. As soon as the orders had been issued they began enlisting a crew, and I was one of the men who enlisted. They had a good set of officers all around, and no doubt the crew was a good one, but it was very green when we dropped down the Potomac about the 4th of June and anchored in Hampton Roads. When we left the navy-yard at Washington we had only twelve guns on board and a part of our stores, and we stayed in Hampton Roads about three weeks completing our armament, and taking on provisions, water, ammunition, and other necessary things."

"You seem to have taken things very leisurely," I remarked, as Haines paused for a moment.

"Yes, that's so," was the reply; "but then in time of peace you don't do things in a hurry on a man-of-war. Although the ship was put in commission on the 22d of February, it wasn't until the 22d of June that we got underway from Hampton Roads, bound to the Mediterranean.

"I must go back a little and say that, while we were enlisting the crew, the British minister complained

to the navy department that we had taken in three deserters from his Majesty's ship, Melampus. The Melampus had been lying in Hampton Roads, and they claimed that three of her men got away from her and enlisted on the Chesapeake."

"Didn't our government do anything about it?" I asked.

"Yes," Haines replied; "they told Commodore Barron what the British minister had said, and the commodore told Captain Gordon to look into the matter and report."

"Did he find that they really had three British deserters enlisted for the Chesapeake?"

"Well, yes, they did," said Haines; "the three men were actually deserters from the Melampus, but they all claimed to be impressed Americans who were serving unwillingly on the British ship, and had taken the first opportunity that offered to escape from their unjust and illegal detention.

"One of the men was said to be a native of the eastern shore of Maryland, a part of the country that Captain Gordon came from. He made a careful investigation, the captain did, and was satisfied with the truth of the man's story. Another of the alleged deserters was a colored man, and there was hardly any chance to doubt the truth of his assertion, that he was a native born American, and a victim of the British system of impressment.

"The story of the third sailor was not entirely clear, but it was pretty well established, and Captain Gordon made his report accordingly. It went through the customary channels, and was afterwards sent to the British minister, who appears to have been satisfied, as nothing more was said on the subject. The story had circulated around on the ship, but had been pretty well forgotten when we sailed for the Mediterranean.

"When we went out to sea we encountered a British fleet of four ships that had been lying around there for several months, watching some French frigates which had taken shelter near Annapolis. One of them was the Melampus, from which the three seamen already mentioned had deserted; another was the Bellona, seventy-four guns; and another was the Leopard, fifty guns. The Leopard really carried fifty-six guns, which made her a much more powerful craft than the Chesapeake.

"When we hove anchor and put to sea, the Leopard did the same thing; and as she was several miles farther down the bay, she was a good distance ahead of us when we got into open water.

"We got off Cape Henry a little after noon, and as we passed the cape we saw the Leopard a few miles to windward, heading off to sea with a very light wind. A good breeze came up in a little while, and both the Leopard and the Chesapeake got it and

held directly off the land. When the Chesapeake tacked, the Leopard did likewise, but nobody thought there was anything unusual or suspicious in the movements of the British beggar. Sailors who had been around Hampton Roads a good deal said that the British cruisers were in the habit of standing out that way, just to keep themselves in practice.

"I think it was about three o'clock, when both ships were about eight miles from land. The Chesapeake tacked to windward again, and the Leopard wore around and came down upon our weather quarter; when she was within a hundred yards of us she hailed and told Commodore Barron that she had dispatches for him. There was nothing suspicious in this, as it was a common thing for the British officers to put dispatches on board any of the American war-ships bound for Europe. Both vessels hove to, and a boat from the Leopard came alongside the Chesapeake.

"When the officer from the Leopard reached the Chesapeake's deck," Haines continued, "he was shown into the cabin, where Commodore Barron received him. Then the English lieutenant produced an order, signed by Vice-Admiral Berkley, and addressed to all the captains on ships under his command, directing them, if they fell in with the Chesapeake at sea and out of the waters of the United States, to show her

commander this order to search for deserters, and proceed to search for them. At the same time he presented a note from the commander of the Leopard addressed to the commander of the Chesapeake, referring to the order of the vice-admiral, and hoping that every question about the deserters might be adjusted in a manner that the harmony between the two countries should remain undisturbed."

"That was an impertinent piece of business," I remarked; "What did Commodore Barron say in answer to the demand?"

"He said he knew of no such deserters as described, and that the recruiting officers had been particularly instructed by the government not to accept any deserters from the English ships."

"I suppose that the demand was for the three men from the Melampus, was it not?" David inquired.

"No, not altogether," said Haines, "as they were after men from other ships, who were supposed to have joined the Chesapeake while she lay at Hampton Roads. There was one man in particular, who had run away from the British man-of-war Halifax, who met his old captain on the street in Norfolk one day and insulted him. The captain put a spy on the man's track, and claimed that he was on board the Chesapeake at the time of the affair with the Leopard; he was the one the English officers were particularly anxious to get hold of.

"The English lieutenant remained on board the Chesapeake about half an hour, when a signal of recall was hoisted on the Leopard and he returned, carrying the answer of Commodore Barron. As soon as he had gone Commodore Barron sent for Captain Gordon, and told him to get the gun-deck clear, but this work had already been commenced an hour before without reference to the Leopard.

"After giving this order Commodore Barron went on deck to examine the Leopard; he then discovered the state of preparation on board the English ship, and that the latter was in a condition to fight at any moment. The Leopard was lying on the Chesapeake's weather quarter, her guns trained, matches burning, people at their quarters, and everything ready to begin a heavy fire; while the Chesapeake was littered and lumbered, her crew had not yet exercised their guns, and they'd only been mustered at quarters three times altogether. The men were busy coiling away cables and moving some cabin furniture and other things, which were all standing aft, and there was a good deal of baggage on the gun-deck.

"Some of the lieutenants had been suspicious of the movements of the Leopard from the beginning, and were pushing the work of clearing the gun-deck as fast as possible. All the guns were loaded and shotted, but while this was being done it was found

that there were not enough rammers, wads, matches, gun-locks, and powder-horns.

"Things were in this way when the Leopard's boat pulled back to her. As soon as her people were out of her she was dropped astern, and almost as soon as the lieutenant reached her deck the Leopard's commander hailed the Chesapeake. Commodore Barron answered that he didn't understand the hail, and it was repeated two or three times. Then the Leopard fired a shot ahead of the Chesapeake; and I don't think it was more than twenty seconds after that shot was fired when she gave us a full broadside."

"Did we fire back with our broadside?" I asked.

"Commodore Barron gave the orders to fire, but there wasn't a gun ready. The gunner had been ordered to fill the powder-horns with priming powder, but when they were wanted it was found that he had neglected to do so. After a while some priming powder was brought, but there were no matches lighted, and the loggerheads were not hot enough. While we were trying to fire one of the guns the Leopard kept pouring broadsides into us, and we couldn't reply, because everything was in confusion."

"Didn't we fire a gun at all? I had an impression we did," I remarked.

"Yes, we fired one gun, and only one, but it wasn't until after Commodore Barron had ordered

the flag hauled down. Just as the ensign reached the taffrail one gun was fired from the second division of the ship, and it was discharged by means of a coal brought from the galley in the fingers of Lieutenant Allen, the officer of the division."

"Of course the Leopard stopped firing as soon as our colors were lowered, and Commodore Barron immediately sent a boat on board the British ship to say that the Chesapeake was at the disposal of the English captain. The latter sent two of his officers to muster the American crew, and the three men who were claimed to be deserters from the Melampus, and one from the Halifax, were taken away. Commodore Barron then sent another note to the captain of the Leopard, saying that he was ready to give up his ship. The latter declined to take possession of the Chesapeake and sailed away, and there was nothing for us to do but return to Hampton Roads.

"Three of our crew were killed on the spot, and eighteen were wounded, eight of them badly and ten slightly. Twenty-one round shot struck the Chesapeake's hull, and her lower rigging was badly cut up by grape-shot. She was in no condition to go to sea; we went to Norfolk and in a few days a part of the crew was discharged. I was one of those sent away, and so you see my voyage up the Mediterranean was a very short one.

"One of these days, and it won't be a very long time either, we'll have to go to war with England, and just show her what our ships can do in fighting trim. The Leopard had a great advantage over us in having a perfectly trained crew, while ours had had no training at all. Give us a chance, and we'll teach the British a lesson they won't forget very soon."

I may as well continue the history of this affair by telling how it turned out. The unfortunate deserters were taken to Halifax, where they were tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be hung. The three Americans were reprieved, on condition that they should re-enter the British service. The deserter from the Halifax, who was really an English subject, was hung. One of the three Americans who had been impressed into the Melampus died in the British service; the other two, after five years of captivity, were restored to the deck of the ship from which they had been taken.

There was great excitement all through the country when the news of the affair between the Leopard and Chesapeake became known. For a while local politics were forgotten, and all party lines were set aside. Meetings were held in all the leading cities, in which the feelings of the public were expressed in very vigorous language. There was an almost universal

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HE WAS JUST FAIRLY STOWED AWAY WHEN HAINES CAME. Page 225.

demand for an immediate declaration of war against Great Britain.

Our government complained to the British government, and the latter promptly replied by half apologizing for the occurrence and declaring that the British admiral had exceeded his orders. He was removed from the command of the squadron in American waters, ostensibly as a punishment for his conduct, but not long afterwards he was given a similar command on a more important station. Captain Humphreys of the Leopard was also removed, and the British government appropriated a sum of money for the families of those who had been killed on board the Chesapeake.

Always after this the Chesapeake seems to have been an unlucky ship. When the war broke out she went on an extensive cruise; she left Boston toward the close of February, 1813, passed the Canary and Cape Verde Islands, crossed the Equator, and cruised for six weeks in the South Atlantic Ocean. She then went to the coast of South America, sailed through the West Indies, and up the coast of the United States to Boston again. During all that long cruise she met only three ships-of-war, and captured only four merchant ships. When she was going into Boston Harbor in a gale she lost a topmast, and several men, who were aloft at the time, went overboard with

it and were drowned. After she came back to Boston Captain Lawrence was assigned to command her. He accepted with great reluctance, on account of her "unlucky" reputation, not because he had any superstitions on that account, but because it was impossible to infuse into the crew the spirit that promises success.

The Chesapeake was refitted for sea, and while she was refitting, the British man-of-war Shannon appeared off Boston. She carried thirty-eight guns, the same as the Chesapeake, and on the first of June, Captain Broke, who commanded her, sent a challenge to Captain Lawrence, asking him to meet the Shannon, ship to ship, and try the fortunes of their respective flags. He offered to send all other ships beyond the power of interference, and to meet the Chesapeake at any point which Captain Lawrence might name within certain limits.

The challenge reached Boston after the Chesapeake had sailed, and the letter was placed in the hands of Commodore Bainbridge, who commanded the station. When the Chesapeake got outside, the Shannon was seen lying off Boston Lighthouse under easy sail, with all colors displayed. Captain Lawrence understood this as a challenge, and when the pilot boat which was sent out to reconnoiter returned with the assurance that the Shannon was alone, he determined to accept it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND THE SHANNON. — ANOTHER VOYAGE TO CHINA. — MORE ABOUT IMPRESSMENT. — I BECOME A CAPTAIN AND RECEIVE ORDERS.

It is proper to say that the Shannon, while ranking as a thirty-eight-gun ship, really mounted fifty-two guns, while the Chesapeake, with the same rating, mounted forty guns. She had a crew of three hundred and thirty men and boys, was perfectly equipped, and the men were thoroughly disciplined. On the other hand, the Chesapeake had a crew which was naturally superstitious, as they regarded her unlucky. Captain Lawrence had been in command of her less than two weeks, and consequently did not know the abilities of her officers and men. The first lieutenant was ill on shore, and died soon after the Chesapeake sailed. The second lieutenant and two acting lieutenants were also absent from the same cause. Lieutenant Thompson, who had been third officer in the last cruise of the Chesapeake, became Lawrence's second in command, and there was only one other commissioned officer on the ship.

Many of the Chesapeake's crew were new to the ship, and those who had served in her before were in a state bordering upon mutiny, on account of disputes about prize money in their last cruise. In fact, the ship was almost as much at a disadvantage in meeting the Shannon as she was at the time she encountered the Leopard.

There was great excitement in Boston when it became known that the two ships were to fight a duel outside of Boston Light. As the Chesapeake moved out she fired a gun which made the Shannon heave to. The Chesapeake had the weather gauge, and used it to advantage. She kept on until she lay fairly along the larboard side of the Shannon, yard arm and yard arm, within pistol-shot distance. Then she luffed and ranged up abeam; when her foremast came in a line with the Shannon's mizzen-mast the Shannon opened fire, first with her cabin guns, and then with the others. The Chesapeake remained silent until her broadside bore well upon the Shannon; then she fired all her guns on that side, and then broadsides were given by both ships in rapid succession.

The Chesapeake was practically defeated by the first broadside of the Shannon, as she lost heavily in men by the shower of grape and canister that was poured into her. She continued, however, to do her

best, but within twelve minutes after the first gun was fired her foretopsail-tie and jib-sheet were shot away. This was the moment when she was about to take the wind out of the Shannon's sails, shoot ahead, lay across her bow, and rake her fore and aft. The Chesapeake would not obey her helm, and speedily got her mizzen rigging foul of the Shannon's forechains. In this position she was raked by her antagonist, Captain Lawrence was wounded, the sailing-master was killed, and the first lieutenant, the marine officer, the acting fourth lieutenant, and the boatswain were all badly wounded.

As soon as the ships became untangled Captain Lawrence ordered the boarders to be called up; while he was giving these orders he was mortally wounded and carried below. His last words when he left the deck became a rallying cry during the rest of the war: —

"Don't give up the ship!"

Captain Broke was a keen and experienced officer, and he saw the weakness of the Chesapeake at this moment. He immediately ordered his boarders away, and, placing himself at their head, reached the quarter-deck of the Chesapeake without opposition. But as he pressed forward toward the gangways he met the American boarders under Lieutenant Budd, who attacked the British, and for a time checked them.

In a few minutes the British were in full possession of the Chesapeake, and the first lieutenant of the Shannon hauled down the colors of the captured vessel and hoisted the British flag. The fight lasted only fifteen minutes, and was one of the most sanguinary on record. The Chesapeake lost forty-eight men killed and ninety-eight wounded. The Shannon lost twenty-six killed and fifty-eight wounded.

As soon as the two ships were separated the Shannon started for Halifax with her prize, where she arrived on the 7th of June. Captain Lawrence died on the 6th, and his body, wrapped in the flag of the Chesapeake, lay upon the quarter-deck of his ship. There was great rejoicing at Halifax, and the men-of-war then in port manned their yards and fired a salute in honor of the conqueror. There was immense joy in England, which was manifested by public meetings, bonfires, and illuminations. Captain Broke was treated as a hero; the freedom of the city of London, and a sword valued at five hundred dollars, were presented to him, and he was knighted by the Prince Regent. He received compliments from every quarter, and the inhabitants of his native county gave him an immense silver plate as a testimonial of their appreciation of what he had done.

I must not forget to say that the most profound respect was paid to the remains of Captain Lawrence

when the ships reached Halifax, and also to those of Lieutenant Ludlow, who died there within a week after their arrival. The garrison furnished a funeral party from the Sixty-fourth Regiment, and the navy also furnished one. At the hour appointed for the funeral the body was taken in a boat from the Chesapeake to the King's Wharf, where it was received by the military under the commander of the garrison. The officers of the Chesapeake followed the body as mourners, and the officers of the British navy were also in attendance.

There was great depression in the United States over the loss of the Chesapeake, as the almost uninterrupted success of the navy thus far had made the Americans believe that it was invincible. The same idea was beginning to prevail among the British; hence the great elation of the latter, and the corresponding depression of the former. Happily, the feeling of depression among the Americans soon passed away, as it was seen that all the circumstances were very unfavorable to the Chesapeake, and it was not likely that such a misfortune would occur again.

Having followed the Chesapeake through her unlucky career, which ended with her capture by the Shannon, we will now go back to where Haines began the story of his experience as a man-of-war's man.

The embargo of 1807 was then in force, but there was a great pressure on the government for its withdrawal, and on the 1st of March, 1809, it was repealed. Meantime I went on another voyage to China as second mate of the Aurora, the ship on which I had formerly sailed as a foremast hand. Haines accompanied me, and we had no experiences out of the ordinary run on the entire voyage.

Yes, we had one experience that I ought to mention; we were overhauled by a British man-of-war in the South Atlantic Ocean, and compelled to submit to a search for British deserters. Several times during the voyage we saw men-of-war, and ran away from them, but this one caught us when we were becalmed, having sailed close to us during the night, while we were enveloped in a fog. When the fog lifted the wind had gone down, and we lay helpless, within easy range of her cannon.

She sent a boat on board, and the officer who came in it was inclined to take away two of our crew, alleging that they were Englishmen. They showed their protection papers, which set forth that they were American citizens. The lieutenant was about to disregard these when our captain told him that, if he took those men away, the case would be reported to the American government, and he added, "I will spend every dollar that I possess to see that justice

is secured. These men are Americans, and I have known them both from their boyhood. If you take them from this ship you will find that they are not without friends."

I expected that this would only make the lieutenant more determined to carry the men away, but to my surprise he yielded, and said he would go back to his ship for instructions. He went, and just as he did so a breeze came up, and we speedily drifted out of gun-shot of the British ship. As they did not try to follow us I presume they were not specially in need of men at that time. If they had been short-handed there is little likelihood that they would have hesitated.

To show you how impressed seamen were treated on board British ships-of-war let me give you the testimony of two men, both natives of Ulster County, New York State. One of them, Richard Thompson, testified that he was impressed on board the British ship-of-war Peacock, in 1810, and he was not allowed to write to his friends. When he and two other impressed American seamen heard of the declaration of war they claimed to be considered prisoners of war, and refused to do duty any longer.

They were ordered to the quarter-deck, put in irons for twenty-four hours, then taken to the gangway, stripped naked, tied, and whipped. Each one

received eighteen lashes, and was then put to duty. When the Peacock went into action with the Hornet they asked the captain to send them below, so that they might not fight against their countrymen. The captain called a midshipman and told him to hold a pistol at Thompson's head, and blow his brains out if he and his companions did not do service. They were liberated on the capture of the Peacock by the Hornet.

The other man from Ulster County was named James Tompkins, and was impressed, with three others, on the British ship Acteon, in April, 1812. When they refused to do duty they were whipped, five dozen lashes each; two days afterwards they received four dozen lashes each. They still refused, and after being whipped again they were put in irons, where they were kept three months.

When they arrived in London they heard of the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution. They made the American colors out of a shirt and handkerchief, then hung it over a gun, and gave three cheers for the victory. For displaying their patriotism in this way they received two dozen lashes each.

Great Britain always claimed that she was entitled to take from American vessels on the high seas any of her own subjects voluntarily serving on American craft, but she constantly gave as a reason for not

discharging from her service any American citizens, that they had voluntarily engaged in it. She used to take her own subjects from the American service, although they had been settled and married and naturalized in the United States; but at the same time she constantly refused to release from her ships American seamen who had been pressed into it, whenever she could give as a reason that they were settled and married in her dominions. In other words, when marriage or residence could be pleaded in her favor, she availed herself of the plea. When marriage, residence, and naturalization were against her, she paid no respect whatever to the plea.

I made several coasting voyages, and also another voyage to China; the last time as first mate of a ship as large as the Aurora. When I came home from this voyage to China, in the latter part of 1811, the owners of the ship expressed themselves as entirely satisfied with my services, and said they should give me command of a ship as soon as possible. The reader can imagine my elation at this news. I wanted to go away somewhere alone and call myself captain, just to see how it would sound; and, as good luck would have it, on that very day when I was notified of my promotion, my friend David arrived in port and received the same information. We congratulated each other, and then proceeded to find Haines and Herne,

and tell them of the good news. Not only did we tell them of our promotion, but we notified each of them that we wanted him to go with us whenever we went to sea, Haines on my ship and Herne on David's — no, stop a moment! Mr. Haines on Captain Crane's ship, and Mr. Herne on Captain Taylor's, as we intended to make officers of them.

My promotion to the rank of captain was not of as much importance as it might have been, owing to circumstances which were quite out of my control. American commerce was paralyzed by the state of affairs then prevailing. British insults to our flag continued; British war-vessels were numerous on our coast; and the impressment of American sailors under the pretense that they were deserters from the British service were of almost daily occurrence. Things were rapidly growing from bad to worse, and war between the two countries seemed inevitable.

I was a captain without a command, as the vessel to which I had been assigned was lying in port with no prospect of employment. This continued for some time, when one day I was summoned to report at once at the office of my employers. I realized the importance of the summons when I learned that four messengers had been sent out to look for me, with instructions to say that not a moment was to be lost in my responding to the call.

I walked rapidly, no, I ran, till I reached the office, wondering what it could be for which my presence was so imperatively demanded.

One of the owners of the Aurora was in the office, and he immediately took me to his private room, out of hearing of the clerks. After closing the door, he said, —

"How long will it take you to get ready for sea?"

"As for myself," I answered, "not over an hour; for my vessel I couldn't say till I know the kind of service expected."

"Well," he replied, "we have news from Washington that war with Great Britain is inevitable. Events are leading up to it very rapidly, and it is liable to come at any moment. Now, we want to fit out some privateers and have them ready to take the sea the moment war is declared. We want you to command one of them, and your friend Taylor can have another. Will you tell him so as soon as you see him?"

"Certainly I will; and as to fitting out, I will proceed about it at once, whenever you name the ship I'm to command."

"That's all right," he said; "but we want you to act as secretly as possible, so as to get the start of our rivals as much as we can. Those who are first at sea when the war breaks out will have the best of the harvest in prizes."

"Certainly, sir; I understand. With your permission I'll think the matter over to-night, and come to you to-morrow with my plans. I suppose I am to get the powder, guns, and all other things necessary for equipment and stores, and the firm will pay for them?"

"Certainly; but our name must be kept out of sight, or it will be a hint to our rivals in business to follow our example, and that's what we want to avoid."

Then he meditated a moment, and I remained silent, waiting for him to speak. When his meditations were concluded, he said, —

"You will have command of the Baltimore clipper Marguerite; she is lying at Jones's wharf on the East River, and right alongside of her is the Hyacinth, which we shall give to Captain Taylor. Before you leave the office I will give you the builder's plans of both vessels, so that you will hardly need to make any measurements when you go to look at them. Just stroll around carelessly and look at the two vessels as closely as you can, but don't use any measuring lines or rods when anybody is in sight, or do anything to show that you have been drawn there except by idle curiosity. If you want to measure anything, you and Taylor can pretend to get into a dispute about it, and then measure to

decide the difference between you. I will look for you here some time in the forenoon to-morrow."

This ended our conversation, and I hurried away to find David and tell him of his new prospects in life. I was lucky in finding him at once, and asked him to take a stroll with me while we had a friendly chat.

Soon as we were out of earshot of everybody I told him what the reader already knows. There was still time before sunset for visiting Jones's wharf, and so we walked in that direction.

We found the two clippers tied up as the owner had indicated. We sauntered carelessly around, visiting two or three other embargoed craft before we stepped on board the Marguerite. I'm sure we displayed no more interest in them than in other vessels in the vicinity, and our actions could not arouse anybody's suspicions. Several sailors and longshoremen were idling about; some of them were known to us, and we greeted them after the customary manner, making no effort to avoid them. While we were there we met a young captain of our acquaintance; at first he manifested a disposition to join us just for the sake of passing away the time, and we feared that he would not be easily shaken off. Happily, he inquired for another captain who was known to all of us, and whom we had just left at our boarding-house.

"You'll find him down at the Neptune," said David; "when we left he was wishing a friend would happen in, as he felt lonesome."

"I guess I'll go down and see him;" responded our friend. He suited the action to the word and went away, greatly to our satisfaction.

We looked the vessels over with great care, and made up our minds what was wanted. Each of them would carry three guns on a side, and a long gun amidships, and there was abundant room for crew and stores. The running and standing riggings were in good condition, and the sails were nearly new. The vessels were all ready for sea when the embargo of April 4 (1812) was enacted by Congress, and consequently there was very little to be done in the way of fitting out.

We lingered as long as we dared around the two clippers, and then returned to the Neptune, though not directly. There was a riddle to be solved that bothered us a good deal, but finally I hit upon what I considered a fair solution of it.

CHAPTER XV.

FITTING FOR SEA. — WAR DECLARED. — OUT ON A CRUISE. — MY FIRST PRIZE. — OLD FRIENDS.

"We'll ship a crew for each of these craft," said I, "a small crew, just enough for inland navigation, and we'll have three or four carpenters in each crew in addition. First one of us and then the other will get off up the North River; we're going to Albany, or anywhere else, for cargoes for New York, and we're working for small wages rather than lie idle. We'll use Haines and Herne to get our crews together, but won't take them into our secret at all, as there's no occasion to do so.

"When we're on the North River we can haul up here and there for want of pilots or wind, or for any other reason that can be alleged, and that will give time for the carpenters to do what work is required to fit the clippers for their guns, and fix up quarters for the crew. An agent of the owners will go to one of the foundries at Troy or Hudson, or some other point, — perhaps he'd better go to two of them, — and negotiate for the guns, which we are to bring

down as freight. They should have carriages and all equipments complete, with the exception of the tackles, which we'll get in New York. We can take in most of our stores up the river, and get so nearly ready that we can go to sea at very short notice. All that will be needed will be to ship the balance of the crew, and there won't be any lack of men when war breaks out."

David approved my plan, and so did the owners of the two schooners when we called on them the next day. It was carried out in nearly all its details during the latter part of the month of May and the first week of June. The schooners dawdled along the North River under all sorts of pretexts; on the 10th of June they had returned as far as the upper end of Manhattan Island, and anchored on the flats at the farther side of the great stream that forms the chief inland waterway of New York.

Haines was my third mate, while Herne filled the same position with David. Our first and second mates were trusty men selected by the owners; they understood the business we were about to a certain extent, in fact, they were too intelligent not to suspect something; but they could both "stow their jaws" when occasion offered, and certainly this was an occasion. They had been told to mind their own business and say nothing, and they carried out their orders to the letter.

David and I left our craft at their anchorage in charge of the mates, and came in a sailboat to the city; we went straight to the office of the owners, and were taken to the inner room immediately.

"Great things are happening," said the member of the firm to whom I have already referred; "our agent at Washington says war is absolutely certain within a fortnight. On the 1st of June, President Madison sent a message to Congress in which he went over the difficulties with Great Britain, pointing out the numerous insults and aggressions of that power upon us, and clearly showed the necessity of war. The message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and on the 3d of June, a majority of the Committee agreed upon a manifesto and reported it as a basis of a declaration of war. The next day (June 4), a bill which was drawn by Mr. Pinkney, the Attorney-General of the United States, declaring war to exist between the two countries, and was presented to the House of Representatives by Mr. Calhoun. Congress is now debating the subject with closed doors, but it is known that there is a majority in both Houses in favor of war, and the President will sign the bill as soon as it is passed."

This was great, though not altogether unexpected, news, and I'm sure that as David and I looked at each other there were expressions of astonishment on our faces.

"We have relays of horses and riders between here and Washington," the gentleman continued, "and will have the news of the declaration of war as soon as any one can get it, and probably ahead of any one else. Our agent at Washington is sufficiently near the President to obtain his signature to your commissions immediately, so that you will not be delayed in getting to sea, and going to work on the enemy's commerce."

Then he told us that a sloop loaded with all the supplies we wanted to complete our outfit would meet us at our anchorage, and that the men to fill out the crews were being engaged at one of the shipping offices close at hand. One member of the firm remained constantly at Paulus Hook, which is on the shore of New Jersey, opposite New York, to receive messages from Washington, and as soon as it was known that a state of war existed we would be notified.

Well, the bill declaring war passed the lower House of Congress by a vote of seventy-nine to forty-nine. On the 17th it passed the Senate by a vote of nineteen to thirteen, and on the same day it was signed by the President. On the 19th of June Mr. Madison issued a proclamation which formally declared war against Great Britain, the second war of the United States for its independence.

The Revolution of 1776 began the struggle; but the object was not accomplished till the War of 1812 had put an end to British interference with our commerce, and the impressment of our citizens into British service. Protests and complaints were without effect; not only were adopted citizens of the United States taken to serve on British ships or in the army, but many native-born Americans were impressed to do duty under a flag which was not their own. Great Britain claimed that no subject could become an alien; "once a Briton always a Briton" was her motto. Our laws gave equal protection to the native and the adopted citizen, and therefore we stood by the Briton who chose to become a citizen with us, and had taken the necessary steps in that direction.

Less than an hour after affixing his signature to the bill of Congress declaring war with Great Britain, the President signed the commission which allowed David Taylor and John Crane, commanding the Hyacinth and the Marguerite, to prey upon British commerce. The commissions were brought by the messengers that bore the news of the declaration of war, and they were not long in reaching us after their arrival at Paulus Hook.

All our stores were on board, and all our arms and powder. The guns were in their places; the

extra carpenters who had been retained on board under pay, in order to prevent their telling what we were about, were discharged and put ashore; and the complement of the crew was taken on at the anchorage to which we dropped down off the Battery. Everything was done so quickly that we were at sea before the news of the declaration of war was generally known in New York.

I steered away to the eastward, while David took a southerly course. Before we separated we made a small wager as to who should take the first prize. He was in search of vessels plying between England and the West Indies; while I wanted those whose course was to or from Halifax.

At daylight, on my third morning at sea, a sail was reported on the starboard bow. I scanned her through my glass, concluded she was what I wanted, and ordered all sail to be cracked on in her direction.

The stranger did not change her course at all. She was a full-rigged ship, much larger than the Marguerite, and evidently a merchantman. We hung out the American flag, but she did not respond to the courtesy; it was manifest that her captain did not consider it worth his while to display his colors to such an insignificant craft as an American schooner.

We could out-sail and out-maneuver the stranger. By my orders we ranged up abreast of her so as to

have the weather gauge, and when within hailing distance, I called out, —

"What ship is that?"

For fully a minute there was no answer, and then came the words, —

"What ship is that?"

This was a bit of impudence that angered and, at the same time, amused me. I held my temper and responded, —

"The American privateer, Marguerite. Heave to, or I'll fire into you!"

There was no response, either by word or action. The ship held on her course, and the Marguerite held to hers; but all the time she drew nearer the stranger, till the vessels were not more than a hundred yards apart. Then I ordered a blank shot to be fired across her bow; as she did not stop at this warning, we fired a shotted gun in the same direction.

Still she kept on; and then I gave orders in a loud voice to make ready for a broadside.

This brought the captain of the stranger to his senses. The English flag went fluttering to its place, the sails were hove aback, and a hoarse voice hailed, and asked what we wanted.

"Send a boat on board!" was all the answer I chose to give. My men were at their guns, every-

thing was ready for action, and what was more, the state of affairs on board the Marguerite was plainly discernible from the decks of the stranger. Her captain had probably reached the conclusion that any further discourtesy on his part would be followed by an order to fire.

There was a light sea running, but it was not enough to make the launching of a boat at all dangerous. In a quarter of an hour a boat came from the strange vessel, bringing her first officer, who mounted to our deck and was met by me at the gangway. With an air of offended dignity, he announced that the ship was the Camperdown of London, for Halifax, and then asked, with still more offended dignity in his manner, —

"What is the meaning of this?"

"It means," I answered, "that the United States Government has declared war against Great Britain, and the Camperdown is the prize of the United States schooner Marguerite, a privateer commanded by Captain John Crane."

"When was war declared?" he asked, his manner changing to one of surprise, although it was by no means bereft of its haughtiness.

"On the 19th of June," I replied. "The Marguerite was ready for sea, and sailed immediately. Come aft," I added in a more friendly tone, for I began to

pity the fellow, and I will show you the announcement of the declaration, and also my commission, to prove that you are not being imposed upon."

He accompanied me to the cabin, and I showed him the papers that convinced him of the actual state of war between the two countries. As soon as he examined them he returned on board his ship, and the captain of the Camperdown came to make a formal surrender of his vessel. Resistance was useless, as she had only two small guns for signaling purposes, to oppose to our seven large guns, and a crew ready for battle, and considerably outnumbering hers.

"We have been driven out of our course by contrary winds," said the captain, "or you would not have found us here."

"But I might have found you farther to the north," I replied, "as it was my intention to run in that direction till I should be on the track of vessels from England to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland."

Then, by way of consolation, I expressed my opinion that it was a great hardship that a declaration of war carried with it the right to make prizes of an enemy's ships on the sea the moment the declaration was made.

"It seems to me," said I, "that it would be only fair and right that there should be a limit of time to enable all who are afloat to reach a safe harbor. But

we must take law and custom as we find them, not as we think they should be, and therefore the Camperdown is the prize of the Marguerite."

The English captain acquiesced in my views; in fact, it was not easy for him to do otherwise, and then we proceeded to the arrangement for the transfer of the property from its former to its new holders.

The prize I had taken was a valuable one. The ship was nearly new, and was named after the town in Holland where Admiral Duncan (afterwards Viscount of Camperdown) gained his great victory over the Dutch in 1797. She had an assorted cargo of goods intended for the colonies, and of the very kind that would be marketable in the United States; and in addition to the goods, she had about thirty thousand dollars worth of British gold and silver coin. I was very well satisfied with my prize, and it is unnecessary to state that my crew was elated at our success, though many of them were disappointed that we had gained our victory without a fight.

"Never mind, my lads," said the mate, when he overheard some of the men murmuring; "you'll get your stomachs full of fighting before the war is over."

The captain of the Camperdown said he had twelve passengers on board, including two British officers with their families and servants, and two civil-

ian passengers. It had been arranged that the crew would be transferred to the Marguerite and detained in the hold as prisoners, their place being taken by a prize-crew from the schooner to work the Camperdown into New York. The officers of the ship would also be prisoners, according to the rules of war, but what should be done with the passengers?

"They will be more comfortable on board the ship," I suggested, "than in our restricted quarters here. They can remain there on condition that the gentlemen give their parole of honor not to take part in or countenance any effort to retake the ship."

"I'm sure they will readily agree to that," replied the captain; "they are gentlemen in every sense of the word, and nothing more need be said on that point."

My second mate went with a prize-crew to take charge of the prize, and as rapidly as it could be done the crew of the Camperdown was transferred to the Marguerite and confined below. After the transfers had been completed, I went on board the ship to see the passengers and take the paroles, which they had sent word they would readily give on condition of being allowed to remain on the ship.

As I stepped on the deck of the ship, I heard expressions of astonishment in feminine tones; as I turned my attention in the direction of the sounds,

there was occasion for me to show astonishment too. In the group of passengers near the entrance of the after cabin was Captain Graham with his wife and two daughters.

Under the circumstances, they were just at that moment very glad to see me; in fact, they were far more willing to be captives in my hands than in those of a total stranger. We had a cordial greeting on both sides, and I was introduced to their fellow-passengers.

"There will be no difficulty about your paroles," I said with a smile, as soon as the formalities were over; "and I will see that your private property is carefully respected." Then, after a little conversation referring to their personal comfort on the way to New York, I went to the cabin and wrote a letter to the owners of the Marguerite, telling briefly how and where I had known the Graham family, and asking that every possible courtesy be shown to them on my account.

I had no opportunity for a chat with Mrs. Graham and her daughters, and it was much to my disappointment that I felt obliged to shorten my stay on board. Mrs. Graham asked for Haines; and on learning that he was my third mate on the Marguerite, she expressed such a desire to see him that I hailed the schooner, and told him to come aboard the ship immediately.

He came, and was as much surprised as I had been at meeting the Graham family. He blushed as much as it was possible for a sun-browned face like his to blush, and his manner was decidedly awkward. He remained only a few moments, leaving the ship shortly before I did, and taking with him the second mate of the Camperdown, who had been supervising the transfer of the crew.

When it came my turn to go I had a hearty farewell from my old friends, whom I especially commended to my second mate, and in their hearing instructed him to see that they were well cared for during the voyage, and promptly landed on reaching New York. Hardly had I cast off from the ship before she filled away on her course for New York, bearing proudly aloft the "Stars and Stripes," and below our national banner the Red Cross of St. George.

My crew gave three cheers as the Camperdown sailed away; and then we turned our attention to the horizon, which we scanned in search of other possible prizes.

Nothing was in sight, and so I ordered the men to be drilled at the guns. In fact, they had been drilled pretty constantly ever since they came on board; there were enough man-o'-war's-men on board to give the necessary instructions to the rest, and I was surprised and pleased at the quickness with

which they became proficient in their duties. At the time we met the Camperdown, and the men were beaten to quarters, they stood in their places like veterans; and I am confident they would have given an excellent account of themselves if it had been necessary to fight a battle.

Towards nightfall we sighted a sail on the larboard bow, and made in its direction; but darkness came on before we had got within signaling-distance. As well as we could make out she was a fishing-schooner, and, if so, would be of no great value as a prize, though of sufficient consequence to be taken and sent to port, provided, of course, she was British in nationality.

The next morning the sail was nowhere to be seen. She had changed her course in the night, and disappeared, but whether through any fear of us or not we were unable to say.

Soon after breakfast Haines came aft, and reported to me that several of the prisoners were ready to swear allegiance to the American flag, and wanted to be allowed to go to work with the crew, instead of being confined below. That they should prefer the deck to the hold was no more than natural, and I told Haines to bring them aft and I would talk with them.

"There are ten or twelve of them, sir," said Haines; "shall I bring them all at once?"

"No," I answered; "you may bring four of them: they will be enough for the present."

In due time Haines came with four of the prisoners. I had my suspicions concerning them, but endeavored to appear utterly unsuspecting as I questioned them.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONSPIRACY, AND HOW IT WAS DEFEATED. — ANOTHER PRIZE. — VIEWS ON PRIVATEERING. — A CARTEL. — IN THE JAWS OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR.

THE reasons that the men gave for wishing to swear allegiance to the American flag and be released from confinement in the hold were simple and plausible enough. They wanted to become American citizens, had intended to do so at the first opportunity, and now that there was war between the two countries, they would like a chance for prize-money.

It struck me as a little odd that they were all Englishmen; had there been an Irishman or two among them it would have been less suspicious, as a goodly portion of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle entertained feelings for the British flag which were anything but respectful. But the four were English; and so, according to Haines, were all the others who had manifested their willingness to throw off British allegiance, become citizens of the new re-

public of the Western world, and take up arms against the country of their birth.

I told them I would consider their proposal, and let them know later in the day. Meanwhile, they were to give Haines a list of such as were willing to join them in becoming Americans, and he would report it to me.

Two or three hours later Haines brought me the names of twelve Englishmen who were ready to declare war against their native land, and on the conditions already stated. I told him to bring to my cabin four of these men, some I had not yet seen, and while I was busy talking with them, to suddenly ask me to come on deck for a moment. While he was gone I shut up in the linen-locker, just off the cabin, a bright young boy from Maine, named Tom Foster, with orders to keep as quiet as a mouse, and take in all the conversation during my absence. He was just fairly stowed away when Haines came with the men.

I talked with them as I did with the others, and was giving them the impression that their request would be granted, when we were interrupted by Haines, who appeared and said, —

"Will you please come on deck for a few moments, sir?"

I told the men I would be back again in five or ten minutes, and then left them.

When I returned, having been gone fully ten minutes, the men were in the attitude of waiting, and did not appear as though they had spoken a word during my absence. I talked with them a little while longer and then sent them forward with the same answer I had given the others.

When they were gone I released Tom from his confinement; he came out very red and hot from the bad air that he was obliged to breathe in the poorly ventilated locker, and it was a minute at the least before he could speak coherently.

"Soon as you was gone, sir," said Tom, "they tried the doors and looked into all the rooms, to make sure nobody could hear what they said. They weren't suspicious of the linen-locker bein' fastened, as it wasn't a place for a man to be shut up in, and was even a tight fit for such a little fellow as me.

"Then one of 'em says to the others, 'It's all right, mates, and we'll have this Yankee schooner afore to-morrow morning. The captain is goin' to let us out to swear allegiance to his blarsted flag, and when we're out we'll show him a trick he won't understand till it's too late.'

"Then another of 'em says, 'The Yankee'll think he's gone crazy when he finds himself a-goin' into Halifax with the British flag atop of his own, won't he, Bill?'

"'Ay, that he will,' says Bill; and then they said something I couldn't understand, they spoke so low; and after that 'twasn't long before you came back to talk with 'em, sir."

Thus was their plot revealed, and it was just as I had suspected. A portion of the crew would get the liberty of the deck in the manner indicated; then, at a moment agreed upon and understood by the rest of their party, the deck-watch would be overpowered, and simultaneously the hatches were to be opened, and those below would come pouring out to aid in the execution of the plot.

"Keep your mouth shut, Tommy," I said to the boy, "and don't breathe a word of this to anybody. Now go and tell Mr. Haines I want to see him."

When Haines came, I told him to say to the prisoners who had proposed to become Americans, that they could do so as soon as we reached New York, or any other port of the United States. I would keep the list they had given me, and hand it over to the proper authorities immediately after our arrival.

Then I instructed Haines to maintain the utmost vigilance, as there was a plot to capture the schooner; but he must not let the prisoners know that anything was suspected.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the old sailor, as he went away to execute his orders. I felt that it could be

safely said that there was little opportunity for our prisoners to carry out their scheme as long as they were on board the Marguerite and Haines was looking after them.

A little past noon a sail was reported on the lee bow. We changed our course at once, and ran down to her. She did not try to get away from us, and her captain was very much surprised when he found out that there was war between Great Britain and the United States. He had believed that it was impossible to "kick the Yankees into war;" they had endured so many insults at the hands of the British, he thought they would go on the same way forever.

"You know the old adage about the last straw that breaks the camel's back, do you not?" I asked, when he paused.

"Certainly I do," he answered; "and I suppose you found the last straw before you made up your minds to fight. Great Britain would not have endured for a day what you've been putting up with for years; and I've heard English officers say so more than once. But do you think this privateering business is right?"

"Of course I do, or I wouldn't be in it."

"I don't think it right," he answered, "and I'll tell you why. It is nothing more than piracy, and all captures ought to be made by regular ships-of-war. That's my opinion."

"What difference does it make," I retorted, "whether your vessel is a prize to a seventy-four-gun man-of-war, or a privateer like this? You lose it in either case, and that's all there is about it. Armies are formed of, and navies are manned by, individuals; and what difference does it make as to their way of fighting, as long as they fight? Peace is brought about by the distress of the people of the nations at war, and a nation is made up of individuals, no matter whether it be a republic or a kingdom. My idea is, that when two commercial countries are at war, they should give every encouragement to private parties to capture as many of the enemy's ships as possible, and bring the war to an end much sooner."

"That may be all right from your point of view," he answered, "but it isn't from mine. Great Britain has more than a thousand ships-of-war in her navy, and you haven't more than twenty. It costs our nation a vast deal of money to keep a thousand ships in service, and this privateering doesn't cost your government anything. You keep a navy of no account whatever in time of peace, but when war comes you turn every mud-scow into a privateer, and send her out to capture British ships. I insist that it isn't fair!"

I thought I would let him have the last word, and so changed the subject of the conversation. His vessel

was a brig of about three hundred tons burden, and loaded with goods for the Canadian market; it was a very fair prize for us, but far from equal in value to the Camperdown.

The crew of the brig was transferred to the Marguerite, and placed in the hold with the prisoners already there. I put Haines in command, with a prize-crew, with orders to make the best possible way to New York; with Haines I sent a young fellow named Jackson, who had shipped as an able seaman, but was capable of filling a higher position, as he had been on the sea some eight or ten years, understood navigation, and could work out a ship's position as well as the next man. I promised him promotion as soon as there was a place for him; and in return he declared he would give a good account of himself on the voyage to New York.

The next morning we overhauled a fishing-schooner. She had just come out of one of the Canadian ports, and had only caught a few barrels of fish before we came upon her. What she had on board was of little account in the way of a prize, and the vessel was old, and not the most seaworthy craft in the world. As we were inconveniently crowded with prisoners, I decided to convert the fishing-schooner into a cartel, and send her into Halifax. She answered the conditions of a cartel, or what the French call a *bâtiment parle-*

mentaire, as she had no cargo, ammunition, or implement of war on board, and could not possibly do any harm.

As quickly as it could be done I had the prisoners transferred to the fisherman. We were careful not to have many of them on deck at once; and if they had made plans for an uprising during the confusion of the transfer, there was no opportunity to carry them out. We took on board most of the fish we found on the schooner, and left her a fair supply of salt provisions, together with all the fish contained in that part of the ocean. The vessel was a dull sailer; and this was all the better for my purpose, as I didn't want her to reach Halifax in a hurry. The prisoners were glad enough at the prospect of thus being liberated, with the possible exception of some of those who meditated the capture of the Marguerite, and her conversion into a prize for themselves.

After dropping the fishing-schooner we steered away to the East, and were lucky enough the next morning to make prize of another British vessel, a bark of about four hundred tons, and containing a valuable cargo of military and naval stores. She was a chartered transport; that is, she was a private craft, employed by the British authorities for conveying government property, and she carried ten or twelve passengers, all of them officers in his Majesty's service, or their families.

I treated these passengers in the same way I did those of the Camperdown, allowing them to remain on board on condition of giving their parole not to countenance any movement for the recapture of the vessel. The crew was transferred to the Marguerite, and when the prize-crew under my first mate went on board the stranger, I found myself without a commissioned officer on board, and decidedly short-handed. So I decided to accompany the prize to New York, and give up looking for any more of the enemy's ships; if anything fell in my way I would attend to it, but as for continuing on the aggressive, and going farther from port, I was in no condition to do so.

It was arranged that the two vessels were to keep close together, unless separated by bad weather, in which case the prize would steer as straight as possible for port, and I would do likewise.

All went well with us until we sighted the coast of Long Island, forty or fifty miles from New York. We had seen several sail, but too far away to make them out distinctly; they had not sought to make our acquaintance, and we had avoided theirs, as there would have been a loss of time in trying to speak them, and the chances were that they would be of our own nationality, and therefore valueless as prizes.

Soon after we sighted the coast, which lay like a low cloud on the horizon, a large vessel loomed up

ahead of us. I scanned her anxiously, as there was a strong possibility that she was something I didn't want to meet just then.

She might be American, and she might be British; the possibilities were that she was British, as there was a British man-of-war on the coast at the time war was declared, and she was large enough to carry not fewer than forty guns. Very plainly, she would make short work of the Marguerite if we ventured within her reach.

The strange ship was right on the track we wished to follow, and under shortened sail, as though waiting for us. I signaled my prize that I wanted to speak her. We drew closer together, at the same time holding to our course, but ready to change as soon as we should find that the stranger was a British man-of-war.

I had no fear of being overhauled in the Marguerite, as she was a very fast sailer, and could show her heels to any English frigate afloat; but there was much doubt as to the ability of my prize to keep out of harm's way. Therefore I decided that while I would keep the schooner on for New York, it would be best to make sure of the safety of the prize by sending her elsewhere.

When she was within hailing distance, I gave orders for her to go around the eastern end of Long

Island, and make for New York that way, or for one of the ports on the sound. "Go into Stonington or New London," I said, "if you must; but if you find it all safe to keep on through the Sound and reach New York by the East River, do so by all means. Make New York if you can; but if not, go into a port on the Sound and wait for orders."

The prize filled away to the eastward as soon as my commands had been received; I kept on in the direction of New York, gradually hauling away from the land in order to give the stranger a wide berth, and also to see if he would follow me.

He followed, or, rather, he changed his course, so as to bring him within range, and that was just what I intended he should not do. There was a good breeze blowing from the south-west. I ran to the south-east, so as to bring the wind just abeam, and in this way keep out of the way of the strange vessel, and also showed him what the Marguerite could do in the way of sailing. We put on all the canvas she could carry; and she lay over so that her gun ports on the lee side were awash very often.

We held on till darkness hid pursuer and pursued from each other. Just after nightfall the wind shifted to the south-east, and this gave me what I wanted for running to New York. So I changed my course, endeavoring, as nearly as I could calculate, to hit

the entrance of the harbor about daybreak. What my pursuer would do I could only conjecture; in an emergency of this sort the best plan always is to think carefully what you would do under the circumstances, and following this plan, I reasoned about like this: —

"I am trying to cut off and capture a fast sailing schooner which is trying to get into New York. My ship is powerful enough to blow her out of the water in five minutes if it could only get in range of the schooner, but she can sail faster than I can, and it is no use to run after her. She'll probably try to run in under cover of the night. I'll go in as near as I can to the shore, and watch for her there."

Reasoning in this way I made up my mind that the frigate, or whatever else she was, would be lying off the coast of Long Island, near the entrance of the harbor. What I wanted was to get close in before the first streaks of day, else I might have to run under the guns of the Britisher while going inside.

The wind fell a little towards morning, and, what added to my annoyance, a mist spread over the water, so that it was impossible to see far in any direction. So I had to feel my way along; and as soon as we reached soundings I kept the lead going

constantly. For the last two hours before daylight I felt entirely certain of my position. We were running along near the Jersey coast in the direction of Sandy Hook, and if no accident happened we would get inside before the enemy could discover us.

The first streaks of dawn were just visible in the east when the soundings showed that we were shoaling rapidly, and it was necessary to haul over to the north-west. While we were doing so the mist on our starboard began to lift a little and show what was behind it. And the first object that it revealed was not by any means a welcome sight.

Five or six hundred yards away, our pursuer of the previous day was lying with her broadside towards us, and her guns out; we were just about abeam of her when we made the discovery, and at once I gave orders to hold more to the westward again. It is better, I thought, to risk taking the ground than the shot of the fellow that is ready to pour it into us. We may get ashore and get off again; but it will be all up with us if he once has us within short range of his guns.

Being smaller than the other vessel, and also probably from not being between him and the sun, it was some minutes after we saw him before he saw us. He sent a shot across our bow, and another and

another directly at us, but fortunately we were not struck. In all he must have fired fifteen or twenty shots, not one of them reaching us.

All the time we were forging ahead where he did not try to follow, partly because he was so near the land as to be almost within range of the defenses that had been hastily thrown up at the entrance of the harbor, and partly because we would be far out of the way before he could get in motion. His only hope was to cripple us by a fortunate shot, and then he would send his boats to carry us by boarding.

CHAPTER XVII

SAFE RETURN TO NEW YORK. — OFFER OF A NEW SHIP. — MY FRIENDS THE GRAHAMS. — OFF AGAIN. — THE CONSTITUTION'S ESCAPE AND MINE.

WELL, we are out of danger now, and safe *inside* the sheltering arms of the harbor. As we turn the Hook, a pilot boards us. He is an old acquaintance and friend, and gives me the warmest sort of a greeting.

"What's the news?" I ask with eagerness, as soon as the greetings and congratulations are over.

"Dead loads of news!" he answers. "Two prizes from you are safe in port, but the owners didn't look for you and the Marguerite as soon as this. You've got another prize or two, I suppose, and find yourself short-handed."

"That's it exactly," I replied; and then I told him about the cartel and the last prize, and how I sent her to the Sound to avoid the risk of falling into British hands again. "By the way, what is that British ship which gave me such a run last night?" I asked.

"That is the Shannon, thirty-eight guns," he answered; "she's been cruising off New York for the past week, and has already made several prizes. One of them was the Nautilus, fourteen guns, which went out with the intention of getting in the track of the East Indiamen, and making some rich captures. But she ran into the Shannon, and so we lost her."

I was sorry to hear this, partly because of the reduction of our naval strength to that extent, and partly because of the connection of the Nautilus with the fleet before Tripoli, when she did some excellent work. I may remark, parenthetically, that the Nautilus was the first vessel of war taken on either side, and her capture elated the British in the same proportion that it depressed us.

"There was a fleet here almost ready to sail when I left," said I. "How soon did they get to sea, and what have they done?"

"They got away within an hour after receiving the official proclamation of war. There were the President, forty-four guns, Essex, thirty-two, and Hornet, eighteen guns, under Commodore Rodgers; and they were joined in the lower bay by the United States, forty-four, Congress, thirty-eight, and Argus, sixteen, under Commodore Decatur. They went to pick up some prizes out of the fleet of Jamaica-men that sailed under convoy about that time, and ought to give some rich plunder."

The tide was unfavorable, and the wind became light; so I anchored in the lower bay, or rather the pilot did, as he was now the man of authority, and I was only a passenger. Towards noon the tide served, and the wind became more kindly; so that we went up the bay in fine style, and came to anchor off the Battery. My vanity was humbled a little by the absence of the prize which I had sent round through the Sound for safety; it would have added to my pride had I been able to bring her in with me, with the Stars and Stripes floating above the British ensign to tell exactly what she was. But I consoled myself with the reflection that she was probably safe from recapture, while she would have run great risk, and probably would have been lost, had I kept her with me.

Soon as the anchor was down and the sails furled, I sent a messenger to tell the owners of my arrival, and of the prize that had gone into the Sound. I explained that I did not consider it judicious to go to the office in person, as all my officers were absent in prizes, and I had no one I could safely leave in charge of the Marguerite.

But my messenger had not reached the landing-place before one of the owners arrived alongside, and immediately came on board. They had already learned of our arrival by means of the semaphore,

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THE CREW HAULED AWAY ON THE ROPE. Page 249.

which had been established quite recently for sending communications from the lower bay to the city. It is a wonderful invention, and as simple as it is wonderful. On the tops of towers four or five miles apart, there are frames containing shutters, and the shutters are so arranged that the combinations of their positions represent the letters of the alphabet. In this way the name of a ship, or a message of any kind, can be spelled out, and it is repeated from one tower to another along the line. Of course, it can only work when the weather is clear, so that the signals can be seen. A fog cuts it off completely; and it sometimes happens that a fog comes up just in the middle of a very interesting message.

"You've done splendidly," said the gentleman, as soon as he had reached the deck and grasped my hand. "Here you've been gone only fifteen days and have sent in two first-rate prizes, besides the one that is coming by the Sound. It is probably all safe, as there are no British vessels there to trouble it when once it turns the eastern end of Long Island."

Before the day was over I heard that the prize was safe, word to that effect having been brought down by a fishing-boat. The next day she came through the dangerous channel of Hell Gate, and anchored in the East River, where I visited her.

Of course, the crew of the Marguerite wanted to

go on shore as soon as they could get away. I called them together and asked how many wanted to reship for the next cruise, which would begin just as soon as I could refit and get away. Every man responded; and the owner told me that those who had come in on the two prizes had already been secured. It was arranged that they should be under pay while we remained in port, one-half having liberty on shore, while the rest stayed on-board and helped with the work that was to be done.

As soon as they learned of our arrival, my second and third mates reported for duty, their prizes having been turned over to the owners for condemnation and sale. In the afternoon I went ashore; and after visiting the office and transacting some business there, I hastened to the fashionable boarding-house on Broadway, just below Trinity Church, where I understood the Graham family was staying.

I was most heartily welcomed by them; and when I told my story of what had happened since they left me, Captain Graham said he congratulated me as much as it was possible for a loyal Englishman to congratulate his country's enemy. "Everybody has been very kind to us," he said, "from the officers and crew that had us in charge, to the owners of the Marguerite, to whom we gave your letter on our arrival. I am under parole, and hope to be

exchanged before long; but I find New York so agreeable that I shall be sorry to leave it when the time comes to go away."

"I like it very much too," said Mrs. Graham, as her husband paused. "We go out walking every pleasant day, and find the Battery a delightful place to loiter in. I never get tired of looking at the ships and boats in the bay, and I don't wonder that the people who live here are so fond of their city."

I accepted an invitation to remain, or rather to return for tea; and it is needless to say that I had a very pleasant evening. By tacit consent all allusion to the war was omitted, and we chatted upon various topics, in which our recollections of the Washington had a prominent place.

It was rather late in the evening when I returned to the Marguerite and went to bed. While I was at breakfast the next morning a messenger came with the request that I would go to the office of the owners as soon as possible.

"We have a proposal to make to you for a new command," said the senior member of the firm of owners, as soon as I entered the office.

I signified my readiness to listen to any offer they had to make, as I felt sure it would be a good one.

"We were thinking of converting the Camperdown into a privateer," said he, "by reducing her free-board

so that she will sit low in the water. She can easily carry twelve or fourteen guns, and a proportionately larger crew than the Marguerite. We think that she will be a good sailer with the alterations we propose; but there is the possible chance that she will be injured rather than improved. What do you think of the plan? We shall give the command of the new privateer to you in case the change is made."

"At first thought it does not strike me favorably," I answered, "in spite of the temptation it offers in giving me command of a larger vessel than the Marguerite. The schooner is very fast and easily handled; she is faster than the Camperdown, and can be brought about more readily, which is often a very important thing at sea, especially in time of war. For capturing merchant-ships, which is the object of privateering, seven guns are as good as fourteen; now and then an armed merchantman might surrender to the larger vessel when she would not to the smaller one, but such cases are not numerous.

"Besides, sir," I continued, "you will excuse the suggestion, but I know my crew regards the Marguerite as a lucky craft, and that goes a long way in keeping up the spirits of the men during a cruise. They believe she will win every time; and with this belief they will always be ready to take any risk that I put upon them. Of course I have no superstitions

of the sort myself; but, all things being equal, I prefer a lucky ship every time."

"Spoken like a man," said my employer; and then he asked what I would advise under the circumstances.

"I would advise that the Camperdown be sold; probably the government would pay a good price for her, and convert her into a cruiser. The proceeds of the sale would buy and equip a privateer of the same grade as the Marguerite, and probably less time would be lost in making the sale and purchase than in altering the Camperdown in the manner proposed."

He said they would think the matter over, and decide upon it as soon as possible. Then came up the question of prize-money for the captures we had made; and on this subject I received some important information.

The cargoes of the prizes had been sold in great part, but all the goods could not find a ready market, except at a sacrifice, which was not considered judicious. Congress had enacted a law regulating the distribution of prize-money arising from captures by national vessels, and my employer said the same rule, as far as practicable, would be adopted by the owners of privateers. Here is the law as it relates to captures by national vessels: —

"One-half of the prize-money goes to the National Government; the other half is divided into twenty equal parts, and shall be distributed in the following manner: to captains, three parts; to lieutenants and sailing-masters, two parts; to the marine officers, surgeons, pursers, gunners, carpenters, master's mates, and chaplains, two parts; to midshipmen, surgeon's mates, captain's clerks, schoolmasters, boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, carpenter's mates, stewards, sailmakers, masters-at-arms, cockswains, and armorers, three parts; to gunner's yeomen, boatswain's yeomen, quartermasters, quarter-gunners, coopers, sailmaker's mates, sergeants, and corporals of marine, drummers and fifers, and extra petty officers, three parts; to seamen, ordinary seamen, and boys, seven parts."

As he finished reading the new law he paused, and said, with a laugh, that he thought it doubtful if I would have as many classes of men for whom to make a distribution of prize money. I replied that it was probably in order to give me a chance to have them that they had proposed to convert the Camperdown into a privateer, and put her under my command.

"That hardly corresponds to the account which a sailor once gave of the way prize money is distributed," I remarked, at the first pause in the conversation.

"How was that?"

"He said that when prize money is distributed, it is sifted through a ladder; all that goes through is for the officers, while all that sticks is for the men."

"I don't think I ever heard that before," he an-

swered; and then the conversation turned to the question of converting the Camperdown into a privateer. In the course of our talk we were joined by the other partners; and before the conference was over a representative of the government called to ascertain when the Camperdown would be condemned and sold. He added a hint that the government would purchase her at a good price. I was introduced as the captor of the ship, and as soon as the gentleman knew who I was, he advised me to hurry away and take more prizes of the same sort.

In four days the Marguerite was ready for sea again; and it is hardly necessary to say that she got away as soon as possible. As long as we were in port I was a daily caller at the house where the Grahams were staying. They always gave me a cordial welcome, and when I announced my departure, Captain Graham said he was very sorry to have me go away, partly because of my friendship for the family and my treatment of them, and partly because he knew that British commerce was about to suffer more depredations, unless my luck took a turn for the worse.

In the lower bay, when I reached it, there were two English vessels that had just come in, their flags showing them to be prizes. We were obliged to anchor, as the wind was unfavorable to our getting to

sea at once; and it so happened that we anchored within hailing distance of one of them. I hailed her, and ascertained that both of the vessels were prizes taken by the Hyacinth, Captain Taylor; and so I was able before sailing to rejoice over the good luck of my old comrade.

Then I thought of my wager with David, and found that I had won it, as my first prize was taken a day before he captured his. I had left a letter for him at the office of the owners, and I now took the opportunity to write a few lines in addition, and congratulate him on his success.

Near nightfall the wind shifted; and as the British man-of-war that troubled me somewhat when I arrived had now gone to the southward, I had no difficulty in getting on the ocean again.

I learned afterwards that I had a narrow escape from running into a British fleet of five ships, with an aggregate of two hundred guns. It was a little to the south of the course I followed, and had already made several prizes; it was looking for the fleet of Commodore Rodgers, and also watching for the forty-four gun ship Constitution, which had gone into Chesapeake Bay, and was expected to come out again very soon.

The Constitution came out as expected; and on Friday, July 17th, she was off the coast, but out of

sight of land, when she made out four sails to the northward, and soon afterwards a fifth sail. One of them was discovered to be a man-of-war, but the others were supposed to be merchantmen. The wind was light during the afternoon and evening, and also during the night. On the morning of the 18th, the Constitution found herself almost surrounded by a British fleet, consisting of one ship of the line, sixty-four guns, and four frigates, enough to make short work if they could once succeed in closing in upon her.

All day the wind was light, or there was a dead calm. The Constitution took advantage of every puff, and she got out her boats and tried to tow out of danger. Then, finding she was in about twenty fathom water, she took all the spare rope that could be found, and bent it to a kedge, which was carried ahead about half a mile and dropped. As soon as the kedge took the ground, the crew hauled away on the rope, walking aft with it as fast as they could; and in this way the ship moved away as though she had a steam-engine on board. The maneuver was repeated several times before the British discovered it, and then they tried the same trick.

Well, to make a long story short, that chase was kept up for three days in light wind or dead calm, the Constitution managing to keep just out of range and no more. All the ships had every stitch of can-

vas out, and the men were kept in the tops to wet down the sails and make them draw as much as possible. It's a wonder the Constitution escaped, when we remember she had five ships closing around her, two of them being right abeam of her at one time for several hours, one on the starboard and the other on the larboard.

The sailor who told me about the chase said that all through it everything on the Constitution was in the best of order, and all the evolutions were performed as though the ship had been lying at anchor in port. The chase was brought to an end by a squall. It came suddenly, and lasted only an hour; and the Constitution used it to such advantage that, when the clouds blew away, she was far ahead of the nearest of her pursuers, and they fired two guns to leeward as a signal that they gave up the struggle.

After escaping from the British fleet, as I have just described, the Constitution went into Boston to refit, and sailed from there on the second of August, in the hope of falling in with some one of the English war-ships that were cruising along the coast between Halifax and Nantucket. Captain Hull, her commander, was particularly anxious to fall in with the Guerrière and fight her single-handed; but it was not his fortune to meet her or any other British war-ship between Boston and the Bay of Fundy. Then Captain Hull

cruised eastward, capturing a few merchant vessels, and then turned to the south. On the 19th of August his spirits were cheered by the report of a sail in sight; and he immediately gave chase in her direction.

She was soon made out to be a frigate, and the chances were largely in favor of her being British. She showed a willingness to meet the Constitution, and the captain ordered the decks cleared and everything made ready for a fight. The stranger hung out British colors, and was at length made out to be the Guerrière, the very ship that Hull was looking for.

The ships maneuvered for nearly an hour, the Englishman endeavoring to get in a position to rake the American, and at the same time avoid being raked himself. Both ships dodged about for a good while, and it was six o'clock in the evening before they got fairly together.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GUERRIÈRE BY THE CONSTITUTION. — CAPTAIN HULL'S WAGER. — HOW I TRICKED A BRITISH CAPTAIN. — DAVID'S RUSE. — FORTUNE FROWNS.

BOTH of them kept firing, but doing little damage, as they began when they were out of effective range of each other's guns. But as they drew nearer, Hull endeavoring to lay his ship alongside of the Guerrière, the shots of the latter began to tell, the Constitution being struck several times. Hull gave orders to withhold his fire, and he held it so long that Lieutenant Morris, his second in command, came and asked permission to begin. As he did so, the bows of the American ship were opposite the quarter of the Englishman. Hull answered, "Not yet," to the request of Lieutenant Morris.

The ships drew nearer and nearer to each other, and Morris repeated his request.

"Not yet," said Hull again very quietly.

When the Constitution had reached a point where his whole broadside could take effect, Hull, who had

been walking the quarter-deck rather silently, suddenly bent himself twice to the deck, and shouted, "Now, boys, pour it into them!"

There was hardly a second of time between the order and the opening of the guns of the Constitution. The guns were double shotted with round and grape shot, and the effect was terrible. The concussion of the broadside was so great as to cause the Guerrière to keel over as if a squall had struck her, the ships being only half a pistol-shot apart. It is said that those in the cockpit of the Guerrière were thrown from one side of the room to the other, and before they could adjust themselves the blood came streaming down upon them, and very speedily the place was filled with wounded men.

Hull's broadside was quickly followed by another, and for twelve or fifteen minutes each vessel was firing away as rapidly as possible. At the end of fifteen minutes the mizzenmast of the Guerrière was shot away, her mainyard was in slings, her sails were ripped and torn in every direction, and her hull was riddled from one end to the other. The Constitution had suffered very little damage; a few holes through her sails, and several round shot in her hull, completed the list of her injuries. The Guerrière brought up in the wind as her mizzenmast gave way, when the Constitution went slowly ahead pour-

ing in a tremendous fire, and luffed short around the bows of the Guerrière to prevent being raked. Then she ran foul of the Guerrière, dashing her bowsprit into her enemy's larboard quarter. The cabin of the Constitution was set on fire by the forward guns of the Guerrière, but the fire was soon put out.

Both parties now attempted to board; the English boarders were ready first, and the three officers who led them sprang upon the Constitution's taffrail, where they met a severe fire. Two were seriously wounded, and one was killed; and just then the sails of the Constitution filled, and she separated from her antagonist.

The Constitution hauled off a short distance, secured her own masts, rove new rigging, and at sunset wore around to take a favorable position for raking the Guerrière. The foremast of the latter fell just as the Constitution separated from her, and in falling it carried the mainmast with it. You will remember that the mizzenmast had already fallen, and so the Guerrière lay helpless on the water. The Union Jack had been kept flying from the stump of one of the masts, but as the Constitution came around to renew the fight, the flag was lowered, and a boat was sent from the American ship to take possession of the prize. Captain Dacres, the commander of the Guerrière, appeared at the gangway, and made formal

surrender of his ship when the American boat arrived there. Lieutenant Read, the American officer, then said, —

"Commodore Hull's compliments, and wishes to know whether you need the assistance of a surgeon or surgeon's mate."

Dacres answered, "Well, I should suppose you had on board your own ship business enough for all your medical officers."

Read replied, "Oh, no; we have only seven wounded, and they were dressed half an hour ago."

There's a story I've heard which is too good to be left out, that Captain Hull and Captain Dacres were personally acquainted, having met frequently at Baltimore and other places before the breaking out of the war. The last time they met previous to the battle was in Annapolis at a dinner-party, where they fell into conversation about the merits of their respective ships. Hull said to Dacres, —

"You'd better look out for yourself if we have war and I ever catch you in the Constitution."

Dacres laughed, and offered to make a heavy wage as to the result of any encounter. Hull declined a large bet, and it finally settled down to a wager of a hat. When Captain Dacres went on board the Constitution after the defeat of the Guerrière he offered his sword to Captain Hull. The latter said,—

"No, no; keep your sword. I won't take it from any man who knows so well how to use it; but I'll trouble you for that hat."

It was nearly dark when the battle was over. The Constitution lay about the wreck of the Guerrière all night, and at daylight in the morning the officer in charge of the prize hailed to say that she had four feet of water in her hold, and was in danger of sinking. Hull immediately sent all his boats to bring off the prisoners and their effects. The work occupied the entire forenoon; then the prize-crew was recalled, and the Guerrière was set on fire. She blew up about three o'clock in the afternoon, and that was the end of her career.

The Constitution steered immediately for Boston, where she was received with the wildest demonstrations of joy. There was great enthusiasm all over the country as the news of the victory was spread abroad. It gave the Americans great confidence in their little navy, and made easier the work of securing appropriations from Congress for building new ships. A feeling had prevailed among many people that our vessels were no match for the enemy's; and as for the English, they believed any British ship could conquer an American one with twice its number of guns and men.

The joy on the American side of the Atlantic was

about equal to the depression in England. The London *Times*, in speaking of the event, said that it was the first time in history that the English flag had been struck on the high seas to anything like an equal force.

On my second voyage in the Marguerite I kept away to the south and east, in the hope of falling in with a home-bound East Indiaman who had not heard of the declaration of war. A ship of this sort would be a very rich prize, better by far than was the Camperdown, as her cargo would consist of silks, spices, and other goods in which much value is packed in a small space.

My hopes were realized, as I found just such a ship, and took her with very little resistance. She had a large crew and several passengers; and as I had already weakened my force by the prize-crew required for a Jamaica brig, taken three days before, I decided to accompany my new prize to New York.

The crew of the Indiaman filled my hold with prisoners; and as she required a considerable number of men to work her, it would have been impossible for me to spare another prize-crew, even had there been a dozen ships to be had for the work of taking them.

My prize was the Charlotte; and compared with her the Marguerite resembled a terrier alongside of a great mastiff, or a mastiff standing near a big cart-horse. She was not prepared for fighting to any ex-

tent, as she carried only four light guns and some cutlasses and muskets; quite sufficient for keeping off Malay pirates, but of little use against an American privateer. I permitted the passengers to remain on board with their cook and private servants, the latter being natives of India, and quite indifferent to what happened around them as long as their own skins and heads did not come to harm.

We kept in company, my orders being very positive in that particular, and I had arranged points of meeting in case we became separated by bad weather, or for any other reason. Luckily the weather was favorable, and we went along in fine style; I was already counting the days, and almost the hours, when I should reach New York and bring my rich prize to anchor off the Battery, at the point where the Marguerite lay on her previous return.

We were within three hundred miles of New York when one afternoon I sighted a sail to windward, and bearing down in our direction. It was a big sail, large enough for a man-of-war; and as it came nearer I made out that it was a thirty-eight-gun frigate, with a very ugly look about her, and the British ensign waving in the wind.

Here was a pretty mess of things! But I had thought of an emergency of this very sort, and laid my plans accordingly. Now was the time to see how they would work.

The Charlotte and the Marguerite were running with the wind on the larboard beam, the Charlotte leading by about a mile. I hoisted the American ensign, while the Charlotte showed no colors. The Marguerite gained on the Charlotte slowly but steadily, while the frigate was running with the wind in her favor, and bearing down so as to come disagreeably near to both, unless a diversion could be made.

As I drew up within what might possibly be effective range of the Charlotte, I fired at her with our midship gun. The shot struck two or three hundred yards astern of her, plowed up the water; and a few moments later I gave her another gun, with the same result.

My intention was to give the impression that an English merchant ship was being pursued by an American privateer. The Englishman was evidently doing his best to escape, but was in danger of being overhauled by the American, which was a better sailer. I had the satisfaction of seeing that my ruse was successful, as the frigate changed her course so as to cut off the privateer and enable the merchantman to escape.

The Charlotte hauled into the wind, while the Marguerite eased off and ran to leeward to escape falling into the jaws of the frigate.

The frigate followed the schooner; and in order to

encourage her I put out drags at the Marguerite's sides so as to hold her back sufficiently to enable the frigate to gain on us. We were about four miles apart when this performance began, and to all appearances the frigate gained half a mile an hour on the schooner. Thus we ran away to leeward, while the Charlotte was hauling into the wind and getting more and more out of harm's way every minute. Before sunset she was barely a speck on the horizon, and away to windward; the frigate was within about two miles of the Marguerite, too far off to do any damage with her guns.

I took in one of the drags, and thus enabled the schooner to increase her speed; but I didn't do it until feeling sure there was no possible chance of the frigate turning to follow the Charlotte. As the sun went down and night began stealing over the water, the distance was about the same as it had been for an hour; the frigate was gaining a little, but not much. I thought it best to humor the captain, and so kept the other drag in place till night had fallen completely, and neither ship was any longer visible to the other.

Then I took off the last drag and changed our course. We steered by the stars, not keeping any light in the binnacle; and I gave orders that every glim should be dowsed, and not a spark of fire vis-

ible on any part of the schooner during the night. When morning came, the frigate was nowhere in sight. I flattered myself that I had tricked her neatly and saved my very valuable prize from recapture. So it proved, as the Charlotte turned up at the place fixed for our meeting; and in due time I reached New York with my prize, and had the pleasure of seeing her safely anchored not far from the Battery, and the Marguerite lying near her.

And what added to my pleasure was the fact that the Hyacinth was at anchor close by; and one of the first men to come on board was my old friend, David Taylor! He had just arrived from a successful cruise, and was in the best of spirits. His prizes were all good ones, though none of them was equal in value to my Indiaman, whose cargo was one of the best ever brought into New York.

I told him of the trick that I played on the frigate, and it amused him very much. Then he told how he had an experience of very much the same kind, and I will give it in his words as nearly as I remember them.

"I had spoken an American merchantman one day," said David, "and a few hours later fell in with an English sloop-of-war. She was on the same course as the American, but had not yet sighted her, and I thought I would do a good turn to my country-

man by leading the English ship out of the way. She was not a fast sailer, and I could have shown my heels to her at once, so that she would have given up all thought of chasing me, but I put out drags just as you did and let her overhaul me.

"The old proverb says that a stern chase is a long chase, and so it was in this instance. I led him a lively dance, letting him come up almost within shooting distance before taking off my drags and giving the Hyacinth her head. Then we walked away so fast that he must have been puzzled to make out how we increased our speed without putting on more canvas, which we couldn't do, as we had everything set that was possible to pile on her. We had a good deal of fun on board about the performance; and if I ever meet the captain of that American merchantman I shall tell him he owes me a new hat."

The owners of the Marguerite greeted me as heartily as when I returned from my first cruise, and congratulated me on my success in the latest venture. It was arranged that I should go to sea again as soon as the schooner had been newly provisioned, watered, and made ready for the occupation which seemed to be as congenial for her as for her officers and crew. I retained all my officers and nearly all my men. The Marguerite was adding to her reputation as a

lucky craft; and when a ship's luck is in your favor, there's no difficulty in getting all the men you want.

Soon as I could do so, I went to the house where I had left the Grahams. To my disappointment I found that they had left New York and gone to England, Captain Graham having been exchanged and allowed to depart. An English transport had arrived under a flag of truce, bringing a considerable number of American prisoners taken from ships captured by the fleet of Admiral Broke, who was cruising along our coast. On her departure she carried away all the British prisoners who had been exchanged or paroled. Captain Graham refused to go without his family, and, consequently, room was made for them on board the transport. Her destination was Plymouth or Portsmouth, they were uncertain at which point they should land, so Captain Graham said in a letter that he left for me in the hands of the keeper of the boarding-house where they had been staying.

He gave me an address in England where he could always be reached, and in closing his letter he added, "If you should ever be in England, either in peace or war, don't fail to find us or send to us. It may be in my power to serve you some day, and you may hold to the assurance that I shall do so whenever possible." I carefully noted his address, and not only wrote it down, but committed it to memory. "Who knows,"

I said to myself, "but that the fortune of war may find me in England, a prisoner; and should this ever happen, the friendship of the Grahams will be very greatly to my advantage."

Each time that I came into port I wrote to my parents and friends at home, told how I was prospering, and gave them practical evidence of my success in life by sending money sufficient to care for the entire family and place them above want, but not enough to induce the younger members of it to lead lives of idleness. What I was I had become through industry, and I had no notion of encouraging indolence in any of my brothers and sisters. There is an old saying among New England farmers that "Everybody must hoe his own row;" and out of it has grown an injunction to each one of us in the emphatic though homely phrase, "Paddle your own canoe." Perhaps none of the members of my family were inclined to live at the expense of others, but I took the precaution to keep them out of temptation to do so.

Cruise after cruise went the Marguerite from New York, and each voyage she was successful, though less so as time went on than during the first few months of the war. Altogether, I took twenty-two prizes with the schooner; three of them were recaptured by British war-ships, and one was lost in a storm on the coast of Long Island. The rest got in

safely, and were sold with their cargoes. My share of the prize-money did not make me rich beyond the dreams of avarice, as Dr. Johnson says; but it was enough to make me comfortable for the rest of my life, and to share my comfort with a wife and children.

As the year 1814 opened, I began to think it was time for me to retire from the sea, and tempt Fortune no longer. She is said to be a fickle jade, and perhaps would turn from me when I least expected it.

She gave me a warning of what she might do by getting me into several predicaments, from which it was little less than a miracle that the Marguerite escaped capture. Great numbers of British war-ships were hovering on our coast and swarming on the ocean; and on half a dozen and more occasions it was only the superior sailing qualities of the schooner, or some tact of my own, that saved her. Once we were surrounded by a fleet of five British war-ships; the wind had fallen almost to a calm, and capture seemed inevitable. The nearest of the enemy's vessels had got out their boats to carry us by boarding, and I was about to order our flag lowered to avoid helpless bloodshed, when suddenly I saw in the distance the waters rippled by a breeze, and a dark cloud which betokened a squall.

CHAPTER XIX.

ESCAPING FROM A BRITISH FLEET. — DESTRUCTION OF THE MARGUERITE. — CAPTURED BY AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE. — PRISONER AT PLYMOUTH AND DARTMOOR.

I THOUGHT of the escape of the Constitution under similar circumstances, and prepared accordingly. The British ships shortened sail to avoid the peril of capsizing; I kept everything spread, and when the squall struck us we heeled over so that our lee guns were buried. For a moment I thought we would go over on our beam-ends; then the Marguerite stiffened up, and darted ahead like a race-horse, and away we sped through the water. On we dashed between two of the ships that had closed in upon us, and, though the shot flew thick, we were not touched by a single one of them. Before the enemy could gather way to follow us, we were out of reach of harm, and we stayed out of it too.

My experience in this affair calls to mind that of the privateer Saratoga, Captain Riker. She carried eighteen guns and a crew of one hundred and forty

men. In the autumn of 1812 she captured the ship Quebec, sixteen guns, from Jamaica, with a cargo worth three hundred thousand dollars. She went into the port of La Guayra, Venezuela, but was warned off, as some British ships were cruising in the neighborhood, and the authorities did not want any battle in the harbor. A fog came on, and as she was going out of the bay she captured a British vessel worth twenty thousand dollars.

The fog lasted all day and into the next; and just as it cleared off she fell in with a twelve-gun brig, that she captured. Then she ran into the jaws of two British men-of-war. They supposed she would steer so as to avoid both of them at the same time, and under that supposition they separated. The Saratoga watched her chance, suddenly going about, and steering straight between them. They could not turn as quickly as she could, and before they went about she was practically out of danger; the shot flew thick about her, but did no serious damage.

In June of that year (1814) I sailed on what I intended should be my last cruise; and it proved to be the last, though it ended quite differently from what I had planned. Robert Burns tells us in his ode "To a Mouse," that

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
> Gang aft a-gley."

And so it was with my last cruise in the Marguerite, in what proved to be the closing year of the war.

The privateers had committed so much havoc among British merchantmen, that few vessels ventured on the ocean without convoy. Occasionally a privateer would succeed in cutting out one of the convoyed craft, but the chance did not come often enough to make the business encouraging. Sometimes it happened that a ship-of-war was disguised as a merchantman; and when a privateer drew up alongside in full confidence of having taken a rich prize, ports opened in the side of the apparently peaceful craft, guns were run out, and the privateer was quickly brought to grief by twice or three times the weight of her metal; or if she managed to escape, it was only after severe suffering.

On this cruise I sailed away to the eastward, avoiding the big men-of-war and the convoys, in the hope of falling upon an unprotected merchant-ship.

Nothing was seen that appeared judicious for the Marguerite to attack, until we were more than half-way across the Atlantic. One afternoon we made out a sail to the eastward, and I cracked on in her direction in order to get near enough to make her out, and decide whether to close or give her a wide berth. We overhauled her rapidly, and while the sun was yet well in the sky. I was satisfied that,

though much larger than the Marguerite, she was not sufficiently strong to cope with us successfully. So I kept on while she was trying to escape us, and in due time I fired a gun as a signal for her to heave-to.

She paid no attention to it; and then I fired another gun, following it by a third, which sent a ball through her mainsail. Upon this she took the hint, and hauled aback to wait for us to come up.

The Marguerite ranged alongside the stranger, and not more than two hundred yards away. Just as we were fairly abreast of her, and I was putting the trumpet to my lips to order her captain to send a boat on board, there was a transformation which would have done credit to a well-managed theater!

Seven holes opened in the side of the strange craft, seven ports dropped, and seven guns were run out. The instant they had been run out they were aimed and fired, so that the whole operation was performed in less time than it takes me to tell it. The shot came crashing into the schooner; and they were so well aimed that I believe every one of them hulled her. We returned fire very promptly, as every man had been standing to his post, and all was in readiness; but, of course, the stranger had the advantage of first fire, and at short range too.

We had but three guns in our broadside to oppose

to seven; and, furthermore, the guns of the stranger were much heavier than ours. Instantly I saw that to lie where we were would be certain destruction, and my best course was to try to carry the enemy by boarding, or else run away, if running were possible.

I gave the order to lay the ship aboard; but when we tried the maneuver it was found that the schooner would not answer the helm, her rudder having been shot away close to the head. A few minutes later the carpenter reported that the schooner was badly hit below the water-line, and was leaking fast.

At the third broadside our foremast was shot through about twenty feet above the deck. It was not cut short off, but so weakened that as soon as a strain was put upon it, it broke and fell. In its fall it killed one man and injured another, and it buried one of the guns beneath the folds of the foresail.

Not many minutes after announcing the leak caused by the enemy's shot, the carpenter reported eight inches of water in the hold, and the opening of additional leaks by the guns of our antagonist. With rudder and foremast gone, the Marguerite was totally unmanageable. She was leaking so badly that she would sink in a few hours; and though we had inflicted considerable damage upon the enemy, he was far less disabled than we were.

My list of killed and wounded was not small; and though my men were ready to keep up the struggle as long as any of them were able to stand, I saw that further fighting was useless. It was with a heavy heart that I gave the order to cease firing and haul down the flag.

The crew was wild with excitement, and I never saw them make so near an approach to mutiny as at that time. Had they received any encouragement from the mates, I am quite confident they would have refused to lower the ensign when I gave the order to do so, but would have fought on till the deck settled beneath them into the waters of the Atlantic, or the last man dropped from wounds or exhaustion.

Instantly the enemy ceased firing. I got out the only boat that had not been smashed by the enemy's shot. While the men were getting it into the water I hailed our captor, and announced that we were sinking. Soon as I could get there I went on board the victor to make formal surrender of the Marguerite; and while on the way we were met by two boats that had come to remove our men ere the schooner went down.

I carried with me all my official and private papers, together with such other things as I could hastily gather, since there was considerable doubt about my being able to return to save anything from the fast

sinking vessel. Haines said he would lookout for the rest of my effects, or as much of them as he would be able to save; and I told him to tell the crew to get their dunnage bags ready for immediate transfer to the vessel that had made prize of us.

When I came into the presence of the captain to whom I was now a prisoner, I saw a face and heard a voice that seemed familiar to me. For a moment I could not identify their owner, but very quickly I made out who he was, though I gave no sign of recognition.

"I am Captain Crane of the American privateer, Marguerite," said I. "I surrender my vessel and crew to you!"

"Your schooner is sinking," was the reply; "how long can she keep afloat?"

"Perhaps for two or three hours," I answered. "Your guns were well served, and have done you credit."

Then he told his first officer to bring the crew of the Marguerite on board as soon as possible, save all the property that could be saved from the wreck, and then let her sink. Turning to me, he said, —

"Captain Crane, will you come below?"

Of course I accepted the invitation, and followed him to his cabin. As we took seats at the table he announced that I had surrendered to the British

privateer, Reindeer, Captain Woods; and then he shook my hand heartily.

"It's a long time since we met after the loss of the Evelyn," said he, "and for your sake I'm sorry for the circumstance of our meeting to-day. I've heard of the Marguerite and the mischief she has been doing, but had no suspicion that her captain and I were acquainted."

He told me that he had been in command of the Reindeer for more than a year, and had taken several American prizes, and sunk two privateers by the same ruse he practised on me.

"With your crew we shall have all the prisoners we can care for; and I shall now steer for England. If I fall in with a vessel which I can convert into a cartel I will stay on the seas a while longer; but if not, I shall hope to land you in Plymouth in a week or ten days."

Then we had a general conversation on various topics, the steward serving us with refreshments while our talk was going on. Altogether, I was made to forget, in some degree, the misfortune that had overtaken me; and I certainly congratulated myself that, if fate had decreed that I was to be captured, she had allowed me to fall into the hands where I found myself.

I gave my parole that I would make no attempt

to escape, or countenance any insurrection on the part of the prisoners; and after remaining below for half an hour or so, went on deck with Captain Woods.

We were lying not more than a hundred yards from the Marguerite, and tears came into my eyes as I saw what a hopeless wreck had been made of her, and how the water had risen so far up her sides that her sinking would not be long delayed. Haines was still on board with ten or twelve men of our crew, and they were helping the British sailors to remove barrels and boxes of provisions, and casks of water, from the schooner to the barque. I should have stated that our captor was a barque, mounting fourteen guns, and having a crew proportionately large. She was disguised as a merchantman, and no one looking at her would suspect that she was as dangerous as she proved to be on close acquaintance.

"All's fair in love and war,' says the old adage; and I have no reason to complain of the deception that was practised upon me. Tricks of this sort are heard of in all wars; and I bear in mind that I had not been averse to deceptions in several instances, and successful ones too.

Two hours from the time we struck our flag, the decks of the Marguerite were almost awash, and the danger was imminent that the schooner would go

down and carry with her some of the men who were still on board. So the order was given to abandon the vessel, and very quickly it was obeyed. Five minutes after the last of the boats left her side, she disappeared below the waves, and went to rest in the bosom of the Atlantic.

It was a sad sight for me and my men to gaze upon; but, after all, I had much rather have it so than see the Marguerite brought as a prize into a British port. I know that the same feelings animated my men; and so the cloud that settled upon us was not altogether without its silver lining.

When the privateer was gone from view, the Reindeer filled away in the direction of England. At a suggestion from Captain Woods, I called my men together and told them that by giving their honorable promise not to enter into any conspiracy against their captors, they could have certain privileges not usually accorded to prisoners on ship-board. They would be divided into watches, and each watch would have the privilege of the deck alternately for four hours every day, under the supervision of their first and second mates. The sailors readily entered into the agreement, and promised to keep to it faithfully. Most of them got on good terms with the British sailors, while some remained sullen, and refused to be friendly with those who had captured them.

Some of the victors were inclined to bully the captives; but the bullying was stopped by the orders of Captain Woods, though not until one of the offenders had been triced up and flogged, by way of a hint to the rest as well as to himself.

Eleven days after our capture we passed Land's End, the most southerly point of England, and on the next day we reached Plymouth Sound, where we cast anchor.

Plymouth is an important port and naval station of England; it has been fortified since the fourteenth century, and has an interesting connection with many events of the world's history. It was from Plymouth that Hawkins, Cook, Drake, and other famous navigators sailed on many of their expeditions; it was from here that the fleet of Lord Howard of Effingham went out to meet the Spanish Armada, in 1588, and it was from the same port that the Pilgrim Fathers of New England sailed in the Mayflower, in 1620, to establish on the other side of the Atlantic a town of the same name.

Captain Woods called my attention to the Hoe, which is a high promenade overlooking the town and the Sound, and is said to be the spot where Sir Francis Drake was interrupted at a game of bowls by the news that the Spanish Armada was near the coast. The others wanted to hurry on board ship

at once; but Drake said, "We've time to play the game out and beat the Spaniards too." They finished the game, and the Spanish Armada was destroyed in due time.

The prisoners on the Reindeer were turned over to the authorities. We felt very grateful to Captain Woods for his kindness to us; and when we came to anchor I drew up a paper setting forth his courtesies to us, and asking that, if he should ever become a prisoner in American hands, he should be treated as kindly as he had treated the officers and crew of the Marguerite. This was signed by myself and my first and second mates, and by all of my men who were asked to sign it.

Before we left the Reindeer Captain Woods called me into his cabin and told me what I knew very well without his saying so; that my promises relative to attempts to escape ended when we passed out of his hands. "And I wish to say further," said he, "that if you should find yourself wandering about the streets of Plymouth, you will do well to go to The Blue Anchor boarding-house, in the Barbican, facing Sutton Pool, and ask for Joe Waghorn, who keeps it. Say the same to Haines, your second mate."

With that he clasped my hand warmly, and we returned to the deck. In half an hour the boats had

landed us, and we were marched off to the Citadel, where we were placed under guard for the night. What was to be our fate or destination, none of us could tell.

I revolved in mind constantly the parting words of Captain Woods, and determined to find The Blue Anchor as soon as possible. So did Haines, to whom I confided the secret, with the injunction to learn from the guards the way to the Barbican and Sutton Pool, but not to mention the boarding-house or the name of its proprietor.

Officers and crew were separated in the quarters where we were placed for the night, partly in order to preserve the distinction between them, and partly in consequence of the greater security the plan afforded. The chances of a conspiracy would have been much greater if officers and men were together, as the former could furnish the brains for a plot, while the latter could supply the muscle. Sailors have the courage for executing a scheme which may demand all the aggressive qualities of human nature, but they have not usually the skill for devising the scheme itself.

Haines ascertained from one of the guards the location of the Barbican quarter of Plymouth, and we racked our brains to invent a way for eluding the vigilance of our keepers, but all to no purpose.

We learned that there had been so many escapes that the officers and men of the garrison were unusually watchful; the authorities had decreed that an escape, no matter under what circumstances, would be followed by severe punishment of those in charge at the time. I heard of a case in which a prisoner got away by creeping behind his guard, knocking him down with a stone, and escaping while the soldier lay senseless. The soldier was so severely wounded that he was sent to the hospital. When he recovered and came out, he was punished for his negligence in permitting the prisoner to regain his liberty.

In the quarters where we were placed we found several other prisoners of our own nationality; and under the circumstances it did not take long for us to get acquainted. We were kept at Plymouth for two days. On the afternoon of the second day several new prisoners arrived, and the guard told us we were to set out early in the morning for Dartmoor Prison.

CHAPTER XX.

PRISON LIFE AT DARTMOOR. — REMINISCENCES OF PRIVATEERING. — ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ROSSIE, HIGHFLIER, GOVERNOR TOMPKINS, AND OTHERS. — I AM SUMMONED TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE.

HARDLY were the birds out of their nests or down from their roosts in the morning, before we were roused and served with a scanty breakfast of tea, mush, and bread, with a piece of meat that was anything but tender or savory. Then we were drawn up in line, the officers I mean, and offered the choice of giving our paroles not to escape and marching under a light guard, or being placed under a strong guard and handcuffed if we declined the paroles.

"I'll take my chances of getting away," said Haines, "and won't give the beggars any promise."

I had the same impulse; but a brief reflection showed me that in irons and strongly guarded, there would be practically no chance at all of escaping. So I decided to give my parole; and before the time was up for a decision Haines followed my example, as did the other officers.

No such choice was given to the men. They were handcuffed together two and two, and the soldiers in charge of them carried loaded muskets with fixed bayonets; and to make the men understand that the powder and ball were ready for service, the guns were loaded in the presence of the column of prisoners as it stood on parade. There were about twenty officers and two hundred men comprising the prison convoy, and the guards were certainly not fewer than sixty. The guards marched with the prisoners, and there was a wagon following the convoy to pick up those who gave out from illness or any other cause.

The squad of officers got away half an hour in advance of the others, and as each man was under parole very little attention was paid to us by the guards. A dozen times during the day's walk I could have got away with the greatest ease; but, of course, I was hindered by the fact that I had given my word of honor not to escape; and had I violated it, and been re-captured, the punishment would have been — death.

It is a good day's walk from Plymouth to Princetown. The distance is certainly not less than fifteen miles, and it may be twenty, and the road is up-hill a good part of the way. Princetown is at the gates of Dartmoor prison; in fact, it has grown up since the prison was established, and is occupied almost entirely by people connected with the place in some

way. The families of officers and guards live there, and so do the various contractors who supply food to the unfortunate inmates of the walled inclosure.

We were tired and foot-sore when we got to the prison and entered the fortress-like walls through a massive gateway. We were carefully searched to make sure that we had no weapons concealed about us, and any money found upon our persons was taken to the prison authorities and placed to our credit on the keeper's books. It was deemed unwise to allow money to remain in the hands of the prisoners, lest it might be used in bribing the guards. The precaution was a good one, as I know that if I had been in possession of money I should have tried to bribe my way out of Dartmoor before I had been there twenty-four hours.

Dartmoor Prison was built specially for the confinement of prisoners of war, of whom England had great numbers during her troubles with France, growing out of the French Revolution and the career of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was finished in 1806, and at one time contained no fewer than eleven thousand French prisoners. It is about one thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea at Plymouth, and that is why the road from Plymouth to Princetown is so much up-hill. An average of one hundred feet to the mile or thereabouts is a pretty steep ascent.

The prison covers about thirty acres of ground, inclosed between double walls. In the inclosure are quarters for the guards and officers, and there are seven large prison houses for the captives. It was located in the midst of a desolate moor, and at this distance from the sea-coast in order to increase the difficulties of escape.

It is safe to say that every man who is brought here has a plan in his mind by which he hopes to escape; and some men have perhaps a dozen schemes they will try in succession as fast as one fails. It was so in my case; but I soon made up my mind that the construction of the prison, combined with the vigilance of the guards, would be likely to baffle any attempts I should make. So I resigned myself to my fate, and also to something else that I expected daily.

I had not forgotten the message left me by Captain Graham when he sailed from New York. Before coming ashore from the Reindeer I wrote a letter to the captain, telling him that Haines and I were prisoners of war, briefly detailing the circumstances of our capture, and adding that I knew nothing of our destination save that we were to be landed at Plymouth. This letter I left with Captain Woods, who promised to post it as soon as he went ashore.

Day after day passed and I received no reply to

my letter, nor did I hear from it in any way. A week, two weeks, three weeks, and the situation was the same. I began to despair, not that I doubted the fidelity of Captain Graham to his promise, but because I feared my letter had gone astray and failed to reach its destination. I asked for the privilege of writing another letter, but was told that such indulgence was not permitted to the prisoners, except by permission of some high official in London, whom it was impossible for me to reach. It was against the rules for me to write a letter without the consent of some one outside the prison, and I was not permitted to send to him for that consent.

Time hung heavy on my hands. During the day we had the privileges of the prison yard; at night we were locked up in our quarters, and sentries, with loaded muskets, were at the doors to prevent our going outside the building. We had only the floor to sleep upon, unless we were ill enough to be sent to the hospital, where the beds consisted of the rudest kind of cots, with bags of straw for mattresses. Our food was barely enough to support life, and of the most common description. For those in the hospital it was a little better; but even there it was not such as would tempt the appetite.

Some of the prisoners had been there for several years, having been sent to Dartmoor long before the

breaking out of the war in 1812. They were Americans who had been impressed into the British service, and refused to serve against their country. They had undergone severe punishment, some having been flogged repeatedly in the hope of subduing them, and as a last resort they had been sent to Dartmoor for incarceration.

Altogether, there were more than two thousand of this class of prisoners, and some had been ten years in captivity; then there were about four thousand who had been captured on naval vessels, privateers, and merchantmen, during the war; so that the total of the American population of the prison was little, if any, short of six thousand. We had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that there was a considerable number of British subjects confined in American prisons; but, after all, there was very little comfort to be derived from this knowledge. We would have gladly consented to the liberation of every Briton then in American hands, provided, of course, we could have gained our freedom at the same time.

We whiled away the time by various games, by reading the few books that were allowed to us, and by telling each other of our experiences. Some of the stories were exciting in the extreme, and served to enlighten many hours that otherwise would have been very dull. Let me give some of them by way of samples.

One of my prison mates was Captain Percival, who had served with Commodore Lewis in the gunboat Flotilla at New York during the year 1813. "One day," said he, "the commodore ordered me to go out and capture the sloop Eagle, which was serving as tender to the British man-of-war Poictiers, seventy-four guns, that was cruising in those waters, and trying to blockade the port.

"I told the commodore that I would want a seventy-four gun ship at least to do it with, unless I could get the Eagle away from her big consort.

"He said that I could only have a little fishing-smack; and then I saw what he was driving at. He explained his scheme, and I proceeded to carry it out.

"I took the fishing-smack, and had thirty-five armed men concealed in her hold; then I had a calf, a sheep, and four or five geese on deck, and three men who were in fishermen's clothes. We stood out past Sandy Hook as though we were going to the fishing-banks. The Eagle gave chase, and we tried to escape; but she overhauled us easily, as we knew she would. When we got alongside of the Eagle the captain saw the live-stock we had on board, and ordered us to go to the Poictiers, which was then several miles away to the eastward. I parleyed with the captain till the smack touched the sides of the Eagle, and then one of my men on deck gave the watchword, 'Lawrence!'

"Instantly the hatches were thrown off, and the men swarmed up from below! As they came up they fired at every man they saw on the Eagle, killing the captain and two others, and astonishing the rest of the crew so that they ran below. Then I ordered the firing to cease; and as soon as I had done so, one of the Eagle's crew came up and lowered her colors. At the same time my men swarmed into the sloop; and in five minutes we had her headed to New York, where we arrived with our prisoners, and were received with great enthusiasm.

"This happened on the Fourth of July, so that our performance was celebrated along with the Declaration of Independence. So sudden was our onslaught upon the Eagle that she did not fire her heavy brass howitzer, which had a double charge of canister-shot, all ready to repel an attack of this sort. We drew the charge of shot, and fired the howitzer after we got to New York, as a part of the celebration."

Another of my prison companions was Mr. Johnson, who was second mate of the clipper-built schooner Rossie, that sailed from Baltimore about the middle of July, in the first year of the war. She carried fourteen guns and a hundred and twenty men, and was commanded by Commodore Barney. He cruised along the eastern coast of the United States for forty-five days without entering a port; and John-

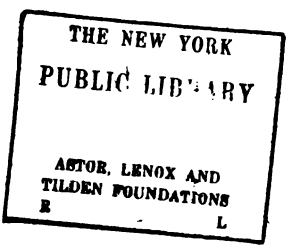
son said there was hardly a day without an adventure of some sort. The Rossie was either chasing or being chased, capturing English ships, and informing all American ships that she met of the outbreak of the war.

"One day," said Johnson, "we were chased by a British frigate that got within range of us, so that she hurled twenty-five or thirty shot in our direction. All of them fell short, but some only just a little. We outsailed the frigate and got away. A few days afterward we were chased by another frigate, and we outsailed her just as we did the first one.

"The next day we captured and burned the ship Princess Royal; and the day following we captured the ship Kitty, put a prize-crew on board, and sent her into port. On the second of August we captured and burned two brigs and a schooner, and also captured a brig on which we put sixty of our prisoners, and sent her as a cartel to St. John, New Brunswick, to make exchange for American prisoners. Four vessels in one day was pretty good work, wasn't it?"

We all agreed that it was.

"Well," continued Johnson, "we did just as well the day after that when we captured and sunk the brig Henry, and the schooners Race-horse and Hali-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"Are you John Crane, captain of the late privateer, Marguerite?" Page 254.

fax; captured and manned the brig William, and added forty prisoners to the sixty we'd already put on board the cartel. Those two were our best days. Altogether, during our cruise of forty-five days, we seized and captured fourteen vessels. We destroyed nine, and sent five into port; and the estimated value of our prizes was over a million and a quarter dollars!

"We didn't go back to Baltimore," said Johnson, "but put into Newport when the forty-five days were up. We stayed there about ten days, refitting and recruiting our crew, and then started out again. Two days out from Newport we were chased by three British men-of-war all at once; but our sailing qualities came into play and we got away from all of them. A day or two later we were chased by an English frigate for six hours, but left her behind us at last. We captured a British armed packet, the Princess Amelia, and had a very savage fight with her for almost an hour at pistol-shot distance all the time. Mr. Long, our first lieutenant, was severely wounded, and six of the crew were injured, but not very badly. The Princess Amelia lost her captain, sailing-master, and one sailor, killed, and the master's mate and six seamen were wounded.

"Commodore Barney had just secured this prize and started her for port, when we fell in, on the

same day, with three ships and an armed brig. The brig was convoying the ships; and we had a little brush with her, in which she gave us an eighteen-pound shot through our quarter. We stuck to those vessels for four days, in hopes of their separating so that we could jump on one of them and capture it; but they hung together, and we gave up the game. The next day we fell in with the privateer Globe, and the two of us started off together to hunt for the three ships, but couldn't find them. Then we separated, and within a week after we did so the Rossie captured two fine prizes, sent them into port, and followed them. Altogether, on those two cruises, we captured thirty-seven hundred tons of shipping, valued at a million and a half of dollars, and two hundred and seventeen prisoners.

"Another very successful privateer that went from Baltimore," continued Johnson, "was the Highflyer, commanded by Captain Gavit. She was armed with eight guns and carried about one hundred men. Her first prize was a British schooner in ballast, but with eight thousand dollars in specie.

"The Highflyer's next encounter was with a fleet of Jamaica merchantmen convoyed by a British frigate. The frigate chased the Highflyer, but was outsailed. The chase caused the convoy to be somewhat scattered. Captain Gavit watched his chance,

and cut out the Diana, one of the fleet, which had a valuable cargo of rum, sugar, and coffee. Gavit took out her crew and sent her as a prize to the United States.

"The next day the Highflyer fell in with and engaged two British vessels at half gun-shot distance, one of them the Jamaica, seven guns and twenty-one men, and the other the Mary Ann, twelve guns and eighteen men. There was too much wind blowing to make it safe to attempt boarding, and so the Highflyer hauled off and waited till the wind moderated. The next day she jumped at them again, and, after a sharp fight with cannon and musket, boarded the Jamaica and captured her, and then went for the Mary Ann, which lowered her flag without any further fighting. Both of them had rich cargoes, and were first-class prizes. They were sent into port, where they arrived safely."

When Johnson paused in his story of the performance of the Highflyer, Captain Percival said that one of the most successful privateers in the early part of the war was the John, of Salem, which captured eleven vessels in a cruise of three weeks; and another was the Paul Jones, which captured in a month's time near the island of Porto Rico fourteen vessels, some of them of considerable value. The best of all of them was the British ship

Hassan, fourteen guns and twenty men, sailing from Gibraltar to Havana, with wines and dry goods, valued at two hundred thousand pounds.

Mr. Johnson asked if any of us had ever known Captain Shaler, of the schooner Governor Tompkins, of New York.

Two or three of us had met him, but none could claim acquaintance. I remembered having been introduced to him one day, and he impressed me as one of the most dashing, brave fellows that ever trod a ship's deck.

"The Tompkins was built especially for the business," said Johnson; "she had fourteen carronades and one Long Tom, and carried a crew of about one hundred and fifty men. One of Captain Shaler's first experiences in the Tompkins was to find three British vessels together, all looking like merchantmen. One was larger than the rest, and Shaler supposed she was a transport until he got within a quarter of a mile of her; then he found that she was a frigate that had been got up so as to deceive the closest observer. He opened fire on her, and then her ports flew open, and he received a response that nearly took his breath away. His only hope was to get away, and he left the spot as rapidly as he could. His schooner was a splendid sailer, and so he managed to get out of his trouble. He got out

all his sweeps, threw overboard all the lumber on his decks and about two thousand pounds of shot, and in this way managed to escape.

"The Tompkins lost two men killed and six wounded," continued the narrator. "One of those killed was a black man, named Johnson. Captain Shaler said, in his report to his owners, 'Johnson ought to be registered on the book of fame, and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue. A twenty-four pound shot struck him in the hip, and took away all the lower part of his body. In this state the poor, brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates, 'Fire away, boys; neber haul de color down!' Several times he requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of the others. While America has such sailors she has little to fear from the tyrants of the ocean.'"

One day, while I was listening to an account of the exploits of the privateer Chasseur, which captured eighty vessels altogether, of which thirty-two were of equal force to herself and eighteen superior, an orderly came along and called out in a loud voice, — "John Crane is wanted at Captain Shortland's office!"

Captain Shortland was the commandant of the prison. I made my toilet by running my fingers through my hair, and then followed the orderly.

CHAPTER XXI.

RELEASED ON PAROLE. — GO TO PORTSMOUTH. — OLD FRIENDS. — DECLARATION OF PEACE. — RETURN TO AMERICA. — WEDDING BELLS. — THE END.

It required the unlocking and opening of several doors to reach the office of the commandant; and at each door the orderly was obliged to exhibit a permit from the commandant for me to accompany him, or rather, for him to be accompanied by "one prisoner." At the last of the gates the permit was retained by the keeper; there was another gate to be passed to get outside the prison, consequently it would have been impossible for the orderly to set me free had he been inclined to do so.

Captain Shortland did not waste time or words in the interview between us.

"Are you John Crane, captain of the late privateer Marguerite?" he asked, as soon as I was brought into his presence.

"I am," I answered.

"You are to be released on parole, according to orders from London. William Haines, your second mate, goes with you."

Then he turned instantly to another orderly, and told him to go for William Haines. A secretary made out the necessary permit, and the orderly departed. I waited for him to say something further to me, but speedily found from his manner that he had nothing to say.

Watching till he paused in giving instructions to those about him, I asked if I was to go immediately. Without looking up from his desk he said, —

"You will leave here very soon."

"In that case I would like to go back to my quarters for a few minutes."

"What do you want to go back for?" he asked, in a tone almost of vexation.

"I want to pack my trunks and store my furniture," I said; "and also want to say good-by to my comrades."

The absurdity of the first half of my reason for returning seemed to amuse him, for he smiled visibly, in spite of the austerity of his manner. He knew that I had nothing but the clothes I stood in, and therefore my trunk-packing and storage of furniture were flights of fancy. He nodded assent, and told his secretary to fill out a permit.

I went back with the orderly, bade farewell to my companions in misfortune, promised to do all I could for them, and then returned to the command-

ant's office. I was not permitted to speak to any one but those in my immediate mess, and then only in the presence of the orderly. On reaching the office I was carefully searched to make sure that I had no letters concealed about me. When the search was concluded I was told to stand aside and wait orders. Haines came while I was waiting; he asked permission to go back to say good-by to his companions, but was abruptly refused.

We waited ten or fifteen minutes, and then were required to sign certain papers which set forth the conditions of our parole. These were made out in triplicate, and one copy was given to me and one to Haines, to remind us of our promise in case we might be tempted to forget it, and also to prove to any officer of his Majesty's service or anybody else who had a right to know, who and what we were.

Then we received the money that was taken from us on our arrival. Ten minutes later we were escorted out of the office and beyond the prison gates, where a wagon was waiting. In this wagon we took seats, and immediately set off for Plymouth, rattling along the descending road in fine style. How different the journey was compared with our toilsome ascent on foot!

We were taken to the office of the commandant of the Citadel, where our papers were examined,

and a letter was placed in my hand. It was from Captain Graham, explaining the delay that had occurred in consequence of his absence in Germany at the time my letter was posted to him. He had obtained our release on parole, and arranged for our passage to Portsmouth, where he was stationed. He gave me directions for finding the office at which our passage had been secured, and told us where we could find him when we reached Portsmouth.

We went to the office and ascertained that the packet, a schooner, would leave the next morning for Portsmouth, and we must be on board not later than six bells. From the office we went straight to The Blue Anchor, and made ourselves known to Joe Waghorn, its proprietor, telling him we had been released on parole.

"All right, mates," said he; "and where's yer papers?"

We showed him our paroles; and as soon as he had read them he said he had something he'd been keeping for us.

The "something" was a box containing my private effects, which had been taken from the Marguerite to the Reindeer at the time of the former's capture, and left in the hands of her commander. Captain Woods had taken good care of them, and so had Waghorn, as I found everything safe and secure.

What Haines had saved from the wreck was in a canvas sack, and Waghorn told me that the dunnage-bags of the Marguerite's men were stored in a warehouse close by, and could be had whenever the prisoners were liberated. The Reindeer only remained a few days in port, and had gone to sea again in the hope of using up more American privateers.

In good time the next morning we were on board the Portsmouth packet, which left very promptly with a favoring wind. What a delight it was to be on the sea again, and how we enjoyed every whiff of the fresh breeze that was blowing! It seemed to me that years had elapsed since I last sailed the ocean; years of suffering and sorrow; but I was rapidly forgetting them all in the delight of my newly regained liberty.

All day I remained on deck. When night came and we retired to the cabin I was unable to sleep, so great was the ecstasy of being again afloat and free! Haines had the same experience. He explained to me in the morning that he found it so jolly sleeping on board ship again that he had to lie awake to enjoy it.

We sailed up the Solent, which separates the Isle of Wight from the mainland, and entered the roadstead of Spithead, passing the spot where the Royal

George went down in 1782. She was a man-of-war, and had been heeled over while undergoing repairs. While in this position a gust of wind struck her, carrying her so far over that the water rushed in through the port-holes of the depressed side, and filled her rapidly, so that she sank in a few minutes. Eleven hundred persons were aboard at the time, including the admiral, all the officers and crew, and three hundred women and children. Two hundred were saved, and all the rest were drowned, including the admiral and nearly all the women and children. Many of her guns have been fished up, but all attempts to raise the hull have failed.

As we passed the spot where the wreck lies, I thought of the lines of the poet Cowper, which were written shortly after the occurrence: —

> "Toll for the brave,
> The brave that are no more!
> All sunk beneath the wave,
> Fast by their native shore!"

Portsmouth is an important naval and military station of England, and has a splendid harbor, four miles long by three in width, opening upon the magnificent roadstead of Spithead, where a thousand ships of the line could ride at anchor, and find plenty of room. The dockyards are very extensive; at least, that is what I was told, as we were not

permitted to visit them, nor to go about the fortifications, which were jealously guarded against inspection by foreigners.

As soon as we had landed I wrote to the address which Captain Graham had given me, telling of our arrival, and naming the hotel where we were staying, which was one that had been suggested by our friend Waghorn, of The Blue Anchor, at Plymouth. I sent the letter by a boy who was attached to the hotel; and, two or three hours later, a note came from the captain, telling me he had spoken for lodgings for us at a house in Southsea, the southern suburb of Portsmouth, and advising me to go there at once.

With the aid of the boy we moved to the lodgings, and found them very comfortable, as well as reasonable in price. Captain Graham was living in Southsea with his family, and the lodgings he had secured for us were less than ten minutes' walk from his house. He invited me to call there in the evening, and bring Haines with me. It was with much difficulty that I persuaded the honest fellow to accompany me, as he dreaded the tortures of sitting at table along with what he called "fashionable folks," and even shrank from an hour upon a chair in a parlor!

We went, and were most cordially received. On

my comrade's account I had agreed that the call should be a short one, and I took the opportunity to whisper as much to the captain, while Haines was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Graham and her daughters. Before we left the house the captain asked if we were in need of anything which he could supply. Happily I had all the money required for our present wants, and so told him; whereupon he said he wished me to inform him promptly whenever he could be of any service. Of course I promised to do so, and then the subject was dropped.

I asked his advice as to our movements and conduct, now that we were out on parole.

"I would advise" said he, "that you live here as quietly as you can, at least for the present. The indications are that the war will not last much longer; our government and people are getting tired of it, thanks to the depredations of your privateers upon our commerce. We have learned that American sailors can fight just as well as British ones; and no man of sense in England disparages your navy at the present time, as he was likely to do before the war broke out. The British loss of merchantmen, of all classes, is fully twenty-three hundred, while the American loss does not exceed five hundred. Fifty-six British war vessels have been captured, with eight hundred and eighty cannon;

while twenty-five American war vessels with three hundred and fifty guns have been taken by us. The game is a losing one to the British side, and negotiations for peace are now going on!"

"And the sooner we have it the better for all concerned," I replied. "No one will hail it more warmly than I shall."

"For one, I shall be very glad of it," said Mrs. Graham, "as I don't like to be obliged to regard you and Mr. Haines as enemies."

"Nor we ain't no enemies, neither, Mrs. Graham," replied Haines, with more self-possession than I had seen him display during the entire evening; "if our countries are clawin' at each other 'tain't no reason why we should fight!"

A few minutes later we took our leave. Next day we visited a tailor, and procured clothing that was not likely to be remarked as foreign garb, and from that time on we lived very quietly. I was a frequent, almost a daily, visitor at the house of the Grahams; dined and took tea with them quite often; walked out occasionally with the two girls; and spent many an hour in their charming little parlor. Mrs. Graham suggested that I ought to write the story of my adventures to pass away the time; and it was by her prompting that I devoted my forenoons to putting on paper the narrative which is rapidly coming to an end.

Haines amused himself by taking short strolls around Portsmouth and its suburbs of Southsea and Portsea; but he was very cautious about his movements, lest he might be impressed, and taken to serve on one of his Majesty's ships. On his account I ransacked an old book-store, and bought a supply of sea stories and other reading matter, with which he whiled away a good many hours. He never ventured out at night, but haunted the smoking-room of our lodging-house, where he was a general favorite on account of his facility at spinning yarns, of which the majority were of other material than the pure, unadulterated wool of truth.

One morning he went out for his usual promenade, leaving me busy in my room with my writing. He came back fully an hour before his accustomed time, rushing into my room, very red in the face, and puffing considerably from having walked with much more than ordinary rapidity. He dropped into a chair, ejaculating as he did so, —

"Shiver my timbers, Captain, but there's big news!"

"What is it?" I asked, as I ceased writing and placed my pen on the table.

"What is it! Well, the news is the two countries have made peace; and you and me won't be the enemies of the Grahams no more."

"The captain was correct in his predictions," I replied, "when he said the war would not last much longer. We'll have a chance to go home now; and the first thing to look after is the liberation of the crew of the Marguerite. I'll go at once to the Grahams' and ascertain if the news is well founded, or only a rumor."

"Seems to me it has a good foundation," said Haines, "as they've got a big placard up in front of the post-office, saying there's peace between Great Britain and the United States! I heard a feller say it came down by semaphore from London. The semaphore was a-workin' at a lively rate; but, of course, I don't know nothin' more about it than a cat does about boxin' the compass!"

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The lines above these stars were the last that I wrote in my lodgings at Southsea. It was really true that terms of peace had been agreed upon between the two countries and the war was at an end. Great Britain made overtures for peace as early as December, 1813, the British government sending them to the government of the United States by a schooner, the Bramble, bearing a flag of truce. She arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, Jan. 1, 1814; and as soon as the President received the communi-

cation he informed Congress, which immediately took action.

The United States met the overtures in a spirit of conciliation, and each of the two powers appointed three commissioners to negotiate a treaty. When the American commissioners reached England they remained unnoticed for some months, and then the ministry endeavored to avoid the question by proposing several places of meeting, one after the other, and so consumed more time. In this way half a year was used up, and the commissioners of the two governments did not come together until August, 1814, their meeting-place being at Ghent, in Belgium.

Four months later the treaty was signed, and it was speedily ratified by both governments. It stipulated for the mutual restoration of all places taken during the war, or which might be taken after the signing of the treaty, declared that all captures made at sea, on both sides, should be given up if made after the signing of the treaty, and required each party to put a stop to Indian hostilities and endeavor to suppress the slave-trade. It provided for the settlement of all disputes about boundaries; but it left untouched the question of impressment of seamen, which was the principal cause of the war.

But it is my opinion, in which Captain Graham agrees with me, and so does everybody else whose

views are worth considering, that Great Britain has learned a lesson which will make her regard the rights of Americans in future, as she has not regarded them in the past. I venture to predict that never again will an American sailor be impressed into the British navy, and we shall not hear again of British officers exercising the "right of search" on the high seas. It is now more than a year since the war ended, and there has been no report of a single instance of search or impressment.

A few days after the arrival of the news of the treaty of peace I bade farewell to my friends at Portsmouth and went to Plymouth, in the hope of doing something towards the release of the crew of the Marguerite. But all my efforts, even when backed by the influence of Captain Graham and other officials, were of no avail. I was not allowed to see the prisoners, or even to communicate with them, and they did not know of the end of the war until fully three months after the signing of the treaty of peace. Even then the inmates of Dartmoor prison obtained the intelligence surreptitiously, and not officially, and from that time on they were in daily expectation of release.

The delay of the authorities in making arrangements for sending them home caused much impatience among the prisoners, and they became muti-

nous. On the 4th of April, 1815, they declined to receive the hard biscuit that was served to them, and demanded bread. Two days later many of them refused to retire to their quarters when ordered to do so; and they displayed such a spirit of rebellion that Captain Shortland ordered the soldiers to fire upon them. Five prisoners were killed, and thirty wounded. The Americans regarded the affair as a wanton massacre, while the British claim that it was justifiable under the circumstances.

Finding that we could accomplish nothing, and that the interests of the prisoners, when released, would be looked after by the American consul at Plymouth, Haines and I, having been liberated from our paroles, embraced the opportunity of coming home on a brig that was leaving Plymouth for New York. Before leaving, we told the consul where the dunnage-bags of the Marguerite's crew could be found, and put him into communication with Joe Waghorn, of The Blue Anchor. The day before we sailed we had the good fortune to meet our old friend and captor, Captain Woods, who had been appointed into the Royal Navy; and, if I may use Haines's expression, "had brass enough about his uniform to make a cannon of!"

When we reached New York, the first man I asked for was David Taylor, my old schoolmate, friend, and shipmate.

"He was luckier than you were," said the head clerk of the owners of the Marguerite and Hyacinth, "as he came into port all right and safe, though he was badly cut up and didn't believe he could have kept afloat three days longer. He had thrown overboard all his guns and shot in order to lighten his schooner while being chased by two men-of-war, so that he required a new armament. By the time the Hyacinth was ready for sea again the probabilities of peace became so great that the owners decided not to send her out. Taylor went to his old home in New Hampshire, and he's there yet; but I believe he'll be back soon to take command of a vessel that is to sail for the West Indies. Oh! here's a letter for you that came several days ago."

I saw that the letter was from David, and so I stepped aside and opened it. It contained good news from all the members of both our families, and the announcement that, after another year or so of sea-life, he would abandon the career of a sailor and settle down on shore. His share of the proceeds of the captures by the Hyacinth was sufficient to make him and family comfortable; but he said he did not propose to live a life of idleness. He had not fully made up his mind what to do, but thought he would buy a farm a few miles from New York, and devote a large share of his time to its management.

Haines and Herne decided that they were getting too old for sea-life; their prize money, in addition to previous savings, was sufficient for all their wants; and after many consultations they decided to become farmers. They went into partnership and bought a small farm on Long Island, about seven miles back of Brooklyn, and with it an assortment of live-stock, including horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, and chickens.

They have two horses and a pair of oxen. The horses have been named Foremast and Mizzen, and the oxen bear the nautical appellations of Starboard and Larboard, their position when under the yoke being indicated by their names. Their three cows are Washington, Hyacinth, and Marguerite, and the greediest of the pigs is designated by the name of one of the sailors of the old Washington who was famed for his abilities in the eating line. Haines told me, when I visited them, that the horses and oxen were bothered a good deal at first by the nautical expressions of their masters instead of "gee!" and "haw!" to which they had been accustomed, but a few weeks set them all right.

"Them oxen knows what 'Belay!' means just as well as I do," said Haines; "and you ought to see old Foremast and Mizzen heel over to leeward and lay to their work when I calls out 'Give way, boys!' They make me proud that I'm a farmer."

While Herne was feeding the pigs and chickens, Haines and I took a stroll over the farm in the direction of its western boundary. I remarked that their neighbor had a good house; whereupon Haines became visibly embarrassed, and with some hesitation told me that the house was the property of a nice widow, and her farm was quite as large and good as the one possessed by the two sailors.

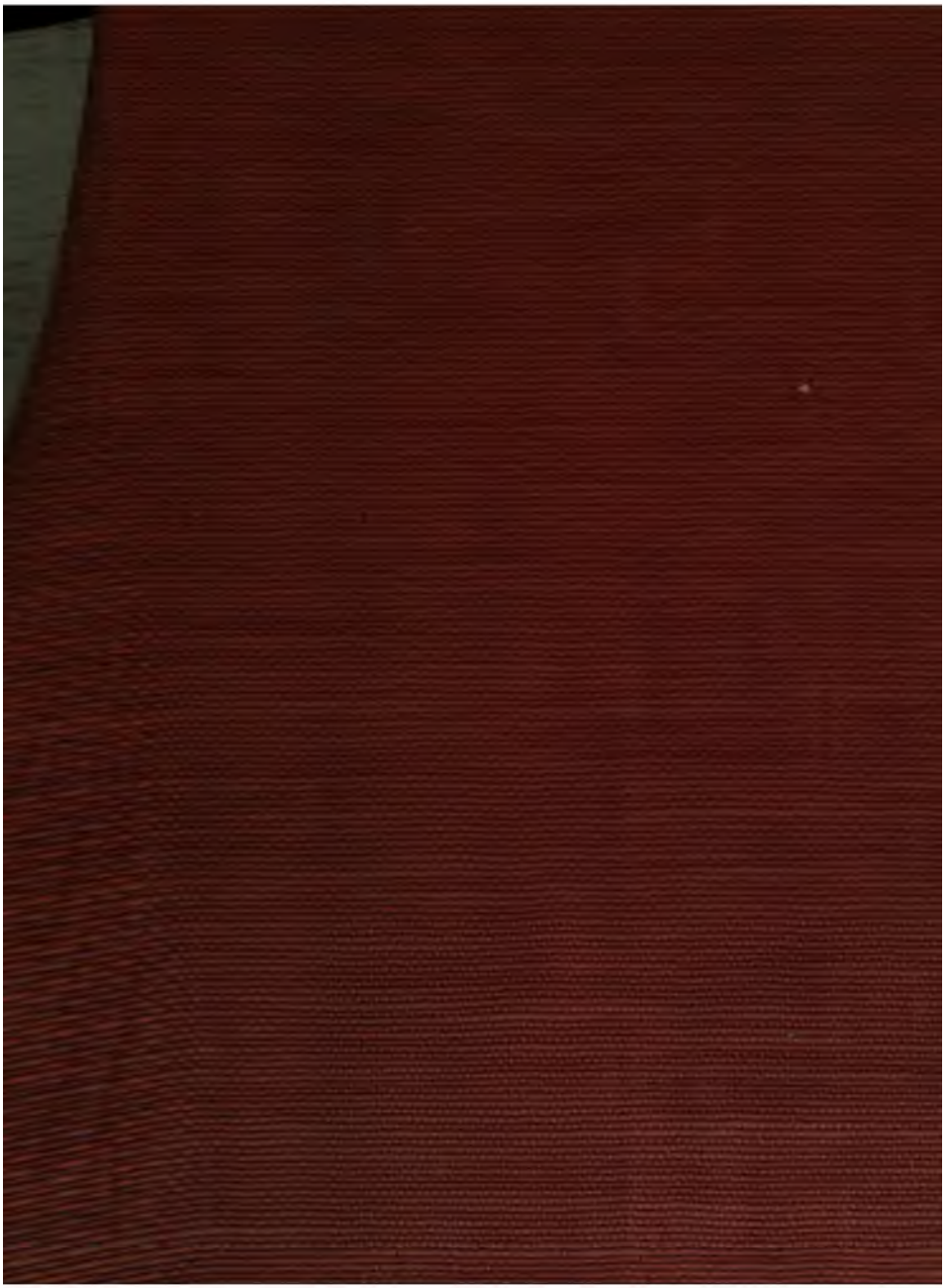
"Are you acquainted with the widow?" I asked.

"Yes, — that is, Herne's acquainted with her, and I know her somewhat. Fact is, Herne's engaged to her, and I'm engaged to her sister, who lives with her, and we're to have a double wedding here about a month from now. Herne's going to live on the widder's farm; I'll buy him out in this; and we'll hope to be neighbors and friends a good many years. Won't you come out to the weddin', Cap'n, if you're not away at sea when it comes off?"

I promised the good fellow I would do so, and I did; and one of the members of the firm went along with me. We had an enjoyable time, and an opportunity for seeing many of the inhabitants of that region who had been invited to the affair. Most of them were of Dutch descent; and the two sisters who respectively became Mrs. Haines and Mrs. Herne showed in their substantial figures and ruddy faces that they were descended from the people who emi-

grated from the dykes and marshes of Holland to live under the rule of Peter Stuyvesant and Wouter Van Twiller.

As for myself, I've abandoned the sea, and hope to spend the rest of my days on solid ground. The owners for whom I have sailed have made me some excellent offers, and if I needed the money you may be sure I should be off very soon on another voyage. I think I shall buy a farm near New York, marry, and settle down; and if time hangs heavy on my hands I can lighten it by running over in memory my experiences as a sailor in peace and war.

THE END.

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